PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV OF MICH
JAN 7 1947

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXII. No. 825. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1946 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 433
THE FUTURE OF INLAND TRANSPORT . . 436
FILMS AND THE STATE 436
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic . . . 437
THE BLOODHOUND. By Vivian Ogilvie . . 438
FOR CLIMBERS. By Rose Macaulay . . 438
CHALK AND CHEESE. By Leigh Mercer . . 439
BIOLOGICAL. By Sagittarius 439
THIS ENGLAND 439
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Manuel de Falla. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 440
Round the Exhibitions. By Benedict Nicolson . . . . . Page 440
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 440
Radio Notes. By Edward Sackville West . 441
CORRESPONDENCE 442
From Raymond Blackburn, M.P.; E. Penning-Rowsell; C. N. Janson; Victor Gollancz; Stephen Green; Maurice Edelman, M.P.; W. N. Coleman; H. R. Thacker; H. Cecil Heath; R. M. Fox; Morgan Phillips; P. Durell.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By G. W. Stonier . Page 445
REVIEWS:
Tibet. By John Morris 445
Pattern in History. By Leonard Woolf . 446
Witches and Other Night Fears. By Naomi Lewis 446
A Saga of Sabotage. By I. S. Scott-Kilvert 447
Where Man Belongs. By V. Sackville-West 448
The Young Limbs. By Cicely M. Craven . 448
Soviet Diary. By John Lawrence . . 449
SHORTER NOTICES 449
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 450

A TIME LIMIT FOR INDIA

ON the point which was the immediate cause of the breakdown of the London talks—the right of single provinces to opt out of the proposed groupings from the outset—the Congress case is bad. Whether or not Congress, in fact, genuinely misunderstood the intention of the Cabinet Mission, the British Government has now ruled that Mr. Jinnah's interpretation of the grouping formula is correct. The Muslim League, however, knew from the first that they were only admitted to the Interim Government on the understanding that they would agree to take part in the Constituent Assembly. On this point Mr. Jinnah was adamant and intransigent. Last week might have been an opportunity for the British Government to take decisive fresh action. Instead they chose to continue, without success, their painstaking efforts to get agreement—a course which they have followed with commendable patience and persistence.

It is early yet to say what consequences may flow from the statement issued by the Government at the close of the abortive talks. Congress may take the hint and refer the grouping dispute to the Federal Court. If the Court endorses the British Government's interpretation and thus finally reassures the Muslim League on this issue, Mr. Jinnah will have no good excuse for refusing to take part in drafting the Constitution. But the most important portion of the statement is the last sentence:

> Should a Constitution come to be framed by a Constituent Assembly in which a large section of the Indian population had not been represented, His Majesty's Government could not, of course, contemplate—as the Congress has stated they would not contemplate—forcing such a Constitution upon any unwilling parts of the country.

The Muslim League may be tempted by this to think that they have a permanent veto on progress in India; that, if they do not come into the Constituent Assembly, the *status quo* remains; and that the British will try indefinitely to persuade the parties to come together. That would be a serious error of judgment. It must be clear by now that the British cannot do much more than make a last attempt to get the Constituent Assembly functioning. They have said all along that the Constitution is to be framed by Indians for Indians. Their only reservation is that they will not *recognise* any Constitution that does not keep to the rules. They have said nothing about permanently holding the ring.

There are only two alternatives left to the British now. One is to re-establish the British Raj in its old form—a task which would take anything up to twenty years, would be a negation of our pledges to India, and would be impossible in the face of world opinion. The other is to proceed speedily with the transfer of power. But in doing that, the British cannot afford to become involved too intimately with the wrangles of the Indian parties. If the Constituent Assembly gets into its stride as planned, there will be endless scope for any number of points of disagreement; and, if the British are still in authority, they will be called in as arbiters. The very fact of their presence would reduce the chances of conciliation and compromise.

At some stage a semi-civil war of purely Indian interest may start. If the British are there, they will be dragged into it uselessly, dispiritedly and with no gain—morally or materially. The Government must be alive to this danger, and clearly will not permit themselves to get into such a morass. Already there is a continuing state of violence in which British troops have been implicated. In the next few months, the British Government must tell India that, after a fixed date, unless an understanding has been reached, British troops and officials will leave, and India will have to settle her own affairs without our assistance.

The British public has not realised how far the administrative machinery has already passed into Indian hands. Since Indian Ministries took office, both in the Provinces and at the Centre, the Indian element in that machinery has become completely demoralised, and no longer feels any direct responsibility to British authority. Loyalties are now divided between Congress and League. This reinforces the case for early British withdrawal.

This would not be unfair to the minorities. With the central British power and arms removed, there can be no question of the coercion of ninety million resolute Muslims, armed as well or as badly as their antagonists. The British have done their utmost to induce a spirit of co-operation and construction. They cannot be held responsible if it turns out that the right atmosphere is unobtainable until they have gone.

South Africa Overruled

In the Assembly's Committees the Union of South Africa has fared badly. Rejecting the Union's contention that the International Court should first decide whether the Assembly had jurisdiction, the Political Committee has, in effect, called upon South Africa to renounce racial discrimination in its treatment of Indians. In addition, the Trusteeship Committee has passed a resolution demanding that the Union submit a Trusteeship Agreement for South-West Africa. In so doing, it rightly disregarded General Smuts' plea that, with the exception of the Hereros, the natives of South-West Africa had stated, in answer to a questionnaire, that they were in favour of annexation by the Union. The questionnaire was in fact deliberately deceptive. First, it recited the benefits of South African rule—tribal reserves, wells, markets for native stock. That the first are totally inadequate, the second dug because well watered land is kept for White settlers, and the third arranged so as to keep the people so poor that they are forced to work for the Europeans, was naturally not mentioned. The natives were then invited to say whether they preferred to "form part of the Union and retain all your privileges," or to be controlled by any other Power, or by the "nations who are now mentioned and who belong to the United Nations." Actually, of course, there is no question of transferring the mandate to a single other State, or of attempting a joint administration by the United Nations. The question is whether the South-West Africans should retain the safeguards of the mandate,

poor as they are, or be subjected to the servile status of the Africans in the Union. The way remains open for a more civilised generation to grant the Africans civil and social equality if the mandate becomes a trusteeship. Given incorporation, that way is barred for ever. This is why Smuts, implacable adherent of racialism, has always wanted to abolish the mandate. He tried it in the 'twenties, and was refused by the Mandates Commission and the League Council. In rejecting his renewed demand, the Political Committee has done well.

Non-Intervention Wins

Once again the United Nations have registered unwillingness to do more than record disapproval of Fascism in Spain. The ludicrous American proposal that Franco should be "invited" to hand over his power to a provisional Government was not endorsed—twenty-two delegates in the Political Committee voting for it and twenty-two against; but the Polish resolution that there should be a general breaking-off of relations with Spain met with a similar fate, and a French motion that members of the United Nations should refuse to import foodstuffs from Spain until they were assured that these were no longer needed for the Spanish people, was rejected by 32 votes to 10. In the end, the only positive recommendation which was carried—and this secured a two-thirds majority only because of the large number of abstentions—was that member nations should recall the heads of diplomatic missions now in Madrid. Even this was too much for the United States, whose spokesman, Senator Connally, said that his Government must reserve its attitude in the matter. The tragic consequence of this victory for the non-interventionists is that Franco can now argue that, since the United Nations have clearly no intention of taking effective steps to oust him, he can be deposed only at the cost of another civil war, from which many Spaniards, who might welcome U.N. intervention, shrink.

The German Problem

Russian agreement that the Austrian Treaty as well as the German should be discussed at the Moscow Conference in March was surprisingly easily obtained. It is to be hoped that the British Government will use the time still available to give substance to the sketch for a unitary Germany outlined by Mr. Bevin in the House of Commons and to make it as acceptable as possible both to the French and to the Russians. Further study of the White Paper on Anglo-American fusion indicates that, while the anticipated economies for the British Exchequer may prove to be greater than we suggested last week, the total amount to be expended is even more inadequate than we supposed. The plan proposes an expenditure of £250 millions for Western Germany exclusive of occupation costs; and it is reckoned that, if all goes well, the rations can be raised by this means from between two and three years to 2,000 calories. Whereas, therefore, the Chancellor of the Duchy may this year spend up to £120 millions on the British Zone, this sum might be expected to decrease next year to some £70 millions and in the following year to £50 millions. If the partition of Germany is to continue even for three years, the rehabilitation envisaged is obviously insufficient to transform the Western districts into a self-supporting economic entity. It is clear that, in the interests of the British taxpayer and of Germany alike, we cannot reply on the fusion plan even as a temporary alternative to a unitary solution, without committing ourselves to vastly greater expenditure.

Anglo-American Entente

Mr. Morrison's reply to Mr. Piratin on the subject of standardisation of armaments coincided with a State Department pronouncement on the same subject. Both were evasive. The State Department stressed that "informal" discussions between British and American Staff officers are "natural," while Mr. Morrison, who also used the words "natural" and "informal," denied—what no one had suggested—that any "decision" had yet been reached. Staff conversations, if combined with activities such as the Canadian military exercises recently undertaken in the Arctic in the presence of British and American military observers, could commit this country without a single Cabinet decision to an Anglo-American Entente in which we should play the role of the French in 1914. This is a matter the details of which cannot be publicly discussed. But the House has the right to know to what policy Britain is being committed; indeed, without Parliamentary questions, it is not clear that Ministers themselves will be better aware of what the Staff is committing them to than the Cabinet was in 1914. For this reason a heavy responsibility rests on Cabinet Ministers to keep themselves informed of precisely what is being done by the Government's military advisers.

The Zionist Congress

The World Zionist Congress—the first to be held since the war—was formally opened by Dr. Weizmann on Monday, despite his recent serious illness. His speech was most carefully balanced. He denounced terrorism and claimed that the British Government must either return to the policy of the Mandate or "vest the National Home with the full authority of the status of a Jewish State." Dr. Weizmann knows as well as the extremists in the Congress that the first alternative is quite impracticable. The Congress will almost certainly express the repugnance which World Jewry feels at the idea of further concessions. But, having staked its claim to the whole of Palestine, it will leave the way open for the imposition of Partition by the British Government. Meanwhile, in Palestine, the Jewish Agency, after the events of last summer, is obviously unable to assist the British in dealing with the terrorists. The Haganah refuses to co-operate with the C.I.D. so long as immigrants are still being shipped to Cyprus. The postponement of the London Conference, which was due to open next week, increases the risk of an incident which would destroy the atmosphere of conciliation which Mr. Creech Jones has been at some pains to create. This postponement was conceded by the British because the Jews argued that time must be given to elect a new Zionist Executive able to speak with full authority at the Conference. This time, it is not the British Government which is stalling; and the Congress should bear in mind that the most useful contribution which it can make, at the moment, is to hasten Jewish participation in the Conference and so bring the long-awaited decision a step nearer.

The Tactics of Mr. Lewis

Mr. Lewis' sudden and dramatic withdrawal was as unexpected as it was welcome in America and the world at large. But, in the general relief that U.S. food exports will not be held up by a coal famine, there has been a tendency to overlook the skill with which Lewis conducted his retreat. Had the Supreme Court met to hear the Mineworkers' appeal against their fines, with the nation still paralysed by the strike, the full pressure of public opinion based on "public interest" would have been exerted to insist that the powers of government be maintained against "insurrection." The Supreme Court regards itself as the watchdog of public interest rather than a mere legal body, and the pressure would probably have been effective. Now the situation is reversed, and public opinion will be vocal against any Court verdict which threatens to start the strike all over again. But retreats, however masterly, are not progressive, and American labour has suffered a grievous blow. The faith of the miners in Lewis must have been shaken; it is possible that doubts of their loyalty may have convinced him of the necessity of ending the strike. The power of all Unions has been correspondingly reduced by the failure of this strike to achieve its demands. Union membership, which more than doubled in six years, may lose many of its fairweather friends. A pattern, sadly familiar to English labour, is being set. The Executive has called the bluff of the miners when they struck against the Government. The alternatives before Union leaders (A. J. Cook or John L. Lewis) in such circumstances are to give way or to fight, and fighting means some sort of revolution. Inevitably conservative Trade Union leaders—and John Lewis is a violent anti-Red—refuse to authorise a revolution. The next stage in America will probably be an attempt by Congress to disarm all unions, and to arm the Government more thoroughly against them. In this process the Republicans will be restrained more by fears of electoral repercussions than by the Democratic Executive, though Mr. Truman, having increased his prestige in Wall Street by a stand against Lewis, may try to recoup his losses with Labour by a stand against the extremes of restrictive legislation.

The Corfu Channel

If the Albanian Government refuses to comply with the British Note's demands for reparation for the mining of two British destroyers in the Corfu Channel last October, it will have difficulty in making any convincing reply to the charges which the British Government threatens to bring against it in the Security Council. The evidence marshalled in the British Note makes it clear that the Corfu Channel must have been mined last autumn either by the Albanian authorities or with their connivance. The Channel, it is true, lies within Albanian territorial waters; but by long usage it has been recognised as an international waterway, and it is impossible to acquit Albania, in taking the action which it did, of flagrant disregard for the safety of seamen whose passage through the Channel constituted no sort of threat to Albania's security.

The French Deadlock

The main French parties are still unable to agree on a candidate for Prime Minister, although a stop-gap Government is desperately needed until the President is elected and the constitutional regime inaugurated. The financial situation is deteriorating rapidly, but no decisions to stabilise it can be taken until a responsible Government takes office. The second round of the elections for the Upper House—the Council of the Republic—has done nothing to tilt the balance between the parties and, unless there is an unexpected shift when the hundred remaining members are elected, the Council will be little more than a reflection of the Assembly. The Communists still refuse to enter a Government of National Union with the extreme Right; the M.R.P. cannot win the Socialists away from them. The decision rests largely with the Radicals and their associates in the *Rassemblement des Gauches* who, like the Tar Baby in Brer Rabbit, continue to "lie low and say nuffin'." The only thing that seems certain in the present confusion is that M. Herriot would like to be President and that there is no other candidate to rival him.

Egypt's New Government

Sidky Pasha has gone, complaining, no doubt, that the Governor-General of the Sudan has dug his political grave; but the problems of the Treaty and of social conditions in Egypt remain. The new Coalition of Saadists and Liberals, headed by Nokrashy Pasha, represents nothing but the upper crust of Egyptian industrialists and landowners. The new Prime Minister does not labour, as Sidky did, under the disability of having claimed too much. Sidky's assertion that he secured from Mr. Bevin limitations of the Sudan's right to independence has now been categorically repudiated by Sir Hubert Huddleston, with endorse-

ment by Whitehall. There is no sign, however, that popular opposition to the draft Treaty, fomented both by the Wafd and the Moslem Brotherhood, is abating; and the insurgent elements in Egypt have not forgiven Nokrashy for his rough handling of the Left last February. He has accepted an unenviable inheritance.

Trade with Denmark

Although Britain needs Danish farm products as much as Denmark needs foreign currency to offset her serious import surplus, the negotiations for increased supplies have broken down. The Danes have been unwilling to accept the prices offered by the British delegation, which are lower than those paid for similar foodstuffs by other Scandinavian countries and by the Soviet Union. They recognise that Britain, the traditional market for their dairy produce, reasonably expects specially favoured treatment because of the large quantities involved; but they say that they cannot continue indefinitely to sell their products below the price paid to the farmers, the difference being made up by Danish Government subsidies. In any case, the total quantities required by this country can be supplied only by restricting Danish home consumption. It is unfortunate that production costs in Denmark have been inflated by war and its aftermath, and now stand above those in the Dominions, which did not suffer Nazi occupation; but, if Britain is anxious to obtain Danish foodstuffs on a large scale, it is necessary to recognise the very real difficulty in which the Danes are placed. It is already clear that food production in Denmark is considerably below the maximum output possible, and that this is due, primarily, to the unattractive prices offered by Britain, as well as to the expense and shortage of farm labour and feeding-stuffs. Unless a settlement of this problem can be secured, it is inevitable that Denmark will be forced to reduce imports from Britain.

The Cotton Plan

The cotton industry has to be re-equipped in order both to decrease costs and to spread a reduced labour force over the largest possible total output; and it is plain that reconstruction on the scale required is not likely to be brought about without either compulsion or strong inducements in the form of Government help. Compulsion would be difficult to apply effectively without public ownership; and the Government, which is not ready to take the industry over, has, therefore, fallen back on inducements. In principle, there is a great deal to be said against giving grants of public money to private concerns; but the alternative proposal, that re-equipment should be financed by means of compulsory levies spread over the whole trade, though it was recommended by the Cotton Working Party, would not be at all easy to apply equitably, and the Government is probably right in preferring an outright grant, conditional on the grouping of firms into units of adequate size and on the acceptance by the operatives of some system of two-shift working designed to get the most out of the new machines. The two-shift system will not be very easy to introduce, because of the large number of married women with homes and children to look after; but the difficulties can probably be met. One problem will be that of getting the machines delivered, even if the scheme is approved; but Sir Stafford Cripps seems hopeful about this. If the spinners accept his plan, presumably the next step will be to work out a similar plan for weaving, which is in even greater need of modernisation, though it is much less of a bottle-neck than the production of yarn. A good many other industries are watching closely what happens in Lancashire, and are wondering whether they too are in the running for State subsidies to help them mechanise more highly. And a few firms, which have mechanised already, are asking whether the subsidies will be made retrospective, or whether they are to suffer for having acted promptly ahead of the rest.

Two Millions

Ten per cent. of the total working population of Great Britain are now employed in the services of national and local government, not including those who work in the public utility services. The number of workers in the national administration stands at just over a million, as compared with 539,000 in 1939. Local government employees show a relatively moderate increase, from 846,000 to 1,019,000. Of course, not nearly all these two million employees are "functionaries"—to use the Continental phrase. They include postal workers in the national, and scavengers in the local, group; and many of them can fairly be classified as "productively" employed. None the less, the totals are rather startling; and it is still more startling to learn that this summer's count of employment books has revealed the existence of upwards of 50,000 previously undiscovered "national government" employees, and of nearly 130,000 unknown employees in local government. No doubt, controls are bound to use up man-power, and local authorities are being called upon for a much wider range of services than they used to supply. No doubt, part of the increase is a transfer of clerical and administrative work from private to public bodies, not necessarily involving any increase in the man-power employed. But there is at least a case, in view of the serious overall shortage of workers, for looking pretty closely into the work that all these additional persons are doing, especially in the national group.

Company Law Amendment

The Companies Bill, introduced last week into Parliament, is not a major measure, and does nothing to change the general basis of company law. Based almost wholly on the Report of the Cohen Committee, it stiffens up the law appreciably in a number of minor respects, chiefly with the purpose of giving fuller recognition to the public interest in wider and more accurate information about company proceedings. It does something towards enforcing more uniformity, and also fuller disclosure, in balance sheets and profit and loss accounts; towards compelling disclosure of real ownership of shares held through nominees; and towards clarifying the responsibilities of promoters and directors for statements made in prospectuses and in similar documents. As against this, it leaves untouched the sharp distinction between public and private companies, and still allows great latitude to holding companies in handling the affairs of their subsidiary concerns. The City will find nothing to object to in the Bill, and most company directors will regard it without any apprehension. This is not to say that it is a bad Bill: on the contrary, it is good as far as it goes. But it is a lawyers' Bill, and not an attempt to deal with any of the major problems of business structure or responsibility to the public.

PARLIAMENT: Ineffective Curiosity

The Parliamentary Question is an instrument to probe the weakness of Ministers, uncover what they might prefer to conceal, and hasten the repair of public damage. Apart from those occasions when Members endure the familiar, "I must not anticipate the Budget," or "If the Hon. Member will let me have particulars, I will look into it," inquiries on matters of fact almost always receive specific answers; almost always, but not always.

This week, Piratin asked the Lord President of the Council a variant of the question which Crossman raised on the Amendment to the King's Speech, "What decisions have been reached about the standardisation of arms between Britain and America?" The full answer is of equal interest to America, Britain and Russia. But whereas in America—uninhibited by an Official Secrets Act, though unaided by a Parliamentary Question Hour—journalists have been writing in detail about the processes of Anglo-American military integration, the lack of a clear reply on the floor of the House to such different questioners as Crossman, Piratin and, later in the week, to Zilliacus, has caused anxiety in Britain.

The Prime Minister gave a blunt answer to Zilliacus, though not to his question. (Zilliacus "fluffed" a little by accidentally referring to the Lord President as the Leader of the Opposition; the misdescription was completed a few minutes later when the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in answer to a Tory request for a debate, amiably directed the enquirer to the "Dictator.")

Neither Piratin not Zilliacus could cope with a House which is harsh to those who combine unpopular views with tortuous "supplementaries." But their question abides; and until the details and purpose of joint Anglo-U.S. military planning are clarified by the proper Minister, transatlantic rumours will excite apprehensions which the Parliamentary Question Hour should have dispersed.

Questions on Business—that is say, about forthcoming debates—from the Leader of the Opposition to the Leader of the House have lately developed into a protracted duologue, with occasional prompting by Whips, Speaker and intrusive back-benchers. The discussion on the terms of reference for the Debate on the Territorial Army would have left the House in a mood of inconclusive boredom, had it not been for Geoffrey Bing's apology to Lord Winterton for having inadvertently suggested that he was almost a hundred years old. If the Territorial Debate refers to Conscription, will that be out of order, since it is a matter of future legislation? Churchill wanted to know. The Lords, on a motion by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, managed to have a debate on the Armed Forces and the Territorial Army without discussing the issue of conscription.

The debates of the Lords begin late and finish early. Sometimes, an elder statesman makes a speech whose gravity might be a model to both Houses. At all times, there is a general appreciation by the Peers of each other's speeches, which Lord Pakenham, the Under-Secretary of State for War, expressed at both its poles when he referred to "the points raised with great authority by the noble Marquess, Lord Reading, and with such charm and brilliance by the noble Lord, Lord Mancroft."

Pakenham, a most efficient Government Peer, replied to the Debate in helpful detail. Is it the function of a Senate to consider great principles and leave them to a Lower House for translation into action? Or should it deal parallelly, as in this debate, with details of administration?" There is little doubt that the House of Commons, with its rough Parliamentary Question, should have the role of Grand Enquirer; the House of Lords will retain both its austerity and its utility if it devotes itself to debate on general affairs and the approval of Bills.

PHINEAS MINOR

This is our first post-war CHRISTMAS GIFT Subscription Offer to our readers. It can only apply to OVERSEAS friends.

OUR OFFER

We will post (surface mail) a copy of this journal for 4 months (16 weeks) to any overseas address in the world for

FIVE SHILLINGS

which is half the usual rate,

OR, for a similar period,

By AIR MAIL to any address in EUROPE–10s.

By AIR to any address in N. AMERICA–15s.

Gift Subscriptions must be to friends OVERSEAS, who are not already readers so far as you know,

Address subscriptions:

'GIFTS,' NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

THE FUTURE OF INLAND TRANSPORT

CHEAP and efficient transport is a primary necessity of modern industry, and the most important of all its aspects is the cheap and efficient carriage of heavy and bulky goods, which are for the most part the raw or intermediate materials of industries serving the home consumer or the export trade. Despite the great development of road transport in recent years, the main bulk of the carriage of goods of this type remains with the railways; and the efficiency of the railway service is therefore still by far the most important factor in the overall efficiency of inland transport. This was the main ground on which before the war the State put obstacles in the way of the growth of road services where they threatened to do serious financial harm to the railways. The restrictions inevitably slowed down the growth of road transport, particularly on long distances—an effort which was welcome because it did something to check the progress of congestion, and of accidents, on roads not designed for huge lorries. The deterrents to the growth of road competition, however, could not so operate as to achieve any rational division of traffic between rail and road—much less to promote any national co-operation between those in control of the two branches of transport. It became more and more evident, before 1939, that the need was for a co-ordinated system, and that, in face of the quite different cost structures of road and rail transport, this could be achieved only under planned and unified control.

The Government's Transport Bill is the outcome of these considerations. Although there are to be separate managing Executives for the main branches of inland transport, the control of policy, and of finance, is to be entrusted, subject to the Minister's general powers of directive, to a single Transport Commission, which will be by far the largest business undertaking in Great Britain. So vast a concern clearly could not be justified—for size beyond a point is objectionable on grounds of unmanageability and tendency to red tape—unless it were evidently necessary to unify the rival forms of transport under a common control. It is, however, clearly indispensable to do just that; and the Transport Commission will have, in its early stages, to exert a very strong control in order to get a rational division of activities into being. Later on, when this has been done, it should become practicable to allow much more autonomy to the sectional Executives; but at the outset the main power, in action as well as in the last resort, will have to reside in the Transport Commission. What will be important, even at this stage, will be so to constitute each Executive, as well as the Commission itself, as to ensure that each looks at its problems from the standpoint of the others as well as from its own. There should be a road man, or road men, on the Railway Executive, and *vice versa*; and it is essential that none of the Executives should be treated as simply a continuation of an existing sectional agency—except possibly the L.P.T.B.

It is wise on the Government's part to go slow with the reorganisation of road passenger services, and to leave flexible the future structure both in this branch and in the ports and harbour branches. The Commission, both because of its small size and because of the complexity of the problems, will not be in a position to tackle everything at once; and there is no such urgency elsewhere as in the case of rail and road haulage. In dealing with the roads, it is undoubtedly wise to leave out the short-distance road services, at any rate, at this stage; for local men are likely, over a large part of the country, to know best what is wanted to fill in the gaps, and it would have been a great mistake for the State to attempt to supersede the private enterprise—which is real private enterprise—of the village carrier. How far it will be wise in practice to restrict the C-licence holders in the transport of their own goods over distances beyond 40 miles is another matter; and the Bill leaves it open to exercise the proposed control as lightly or as heavily as may appear expedient. There are bound to be a good many exceptions beyond those—such as furniture removal—which are actually specified in the Bill, and 40 miles seems a rather narrow limit. Even, however, if the Bill stays unamended in this respect (and we rather doubt if it will) there will be ample reason for elasticity and for experiment in applying its provisions.

The great question, of course, is whether a unified system will in fact yield improved service and for lower cost. The opponents of the Bill are arguing that this question ought to have been fully investigated before it was introduced, and are urging postponement while an impartial enquiry is made. In the case of the coal mines, they say, the Reid Report, embodying a full study of the technical aspects of rationalisation, preceded the Bill transferring the industry to public ownership; and they argue that a similar procedure should have been followed in dealing with inland transport. The two cases are, however, very different. It was possible for the Reid Committee to put forward a readily intelligible plan of mechanisation, which, it was easy to see, could not be carried out except under unified ownership. The problem studied by the Reid Committee was essentially a problem of engineering, to which technical experts could be asked to give objective answers. The problem of road and rail, though it has of course engineering aspects, is not an engineers' problem. It is much more, or at least equally, a problem for economists, and even to the extent to which it is purely technical it is not one to which we should expect railway engineers and road engineers to give agreed objective answers. As an economic problem, it has been studied a great deal already. The case for an enquiry is simply a manoeuvre set on foot in the hope of gaining time.

The real fight will be fought, not on this issue, which was settled at the General Election, but over the terms of compensation and, to a lesser extent, on the scope of the measure. The terms of compensation proposed for the railway shareholders are being vigorously attacked already; and it is obvious that those who hope to extract more will fight their battle mainly behind the claims of charitable trusts which stand to have their incomes considerably reduced if the Bill goes through in its present form. Undeniably it is awkward for bodies of trustees, many of which are already facing a fall in real income owing to price changes, to be confronted with a further fall as a result of being given gilt-edged securities in return for their holdings of railway stock. But a fall in the gilt-edged rate of interest necessarily means that for the securing of any fixed income for charitable (or for any other) purposes the provision of a larger capital sum is required. This condition applies, for example, to everyone who from now on sets out to insure his life or to provide for his declining years by way of secure investment. Can existing charities, regardless of their wants, claim that they have a right to go on in perpetuity as if the rate of interest had undergone no reduction? Clearly not.

If the fall in incomes creates hardships that are serious from the standpoint of public welfare—for example, in such cases as educational agencies already in receipt of and/or eligible for aid from public funds, hospitals, almshouses, and similar institutions—it may be necessary for the State to come to the aid of the threatened services with grants designed to replace their losses. This, however, should be done only in such instances as fall plainly within the definition of essential public service; it would be entirely unjustifiable to extend any such aid to everybody that happens to be registered, or registerable, as a charity. "Charity," as legally defined, covers a multitude, if not of sins, at all events of enterprises which can make no claim on the State for special assistance. All the general run of railway shareholders have any right to claim is that what they receive in return for their shares shall be as valuable, in terms of market valuation. To apply any other principle would be to make the State pay for the railways more than they are worth, and, by saddling them with an inequitable capital charge, seriously to prejudice their prospects of giving cheap and efficient service. Of the compensation proposed in respect of road services, all that can be said is that it is difficult to see what other basis for acquisition could have been proposed.

The Bill as a whole seems to us to be a good Bill, and to offer good prospect of improved service to the public. More cannot be said, because clearly no system affords in itself any guarantee of efficiency. The best system can be mismanaged, and even the highest *technical* efficiency in management will not bring success unless it is combined with the right handling of the human factor. On this latter issue the Bill is silent; but, as we are already coming to realise in the case of coal, it supremely matters. The new transport services will not work well unless they have contented staffs, not merely trying to do a decent day's work, but also positively collaborating in the improvement of the service. Presumably the Government has this aspect of the problem in mind, and holds, as it did in the case of coal, that it is best left to be handled by the new managements when they have taken over the control. That is good enough—provided that the problem is handled in the right way. We are not, however, too happy about the way in which it is being tackled in the mining industry; and we are looking to Mr. Barnes and to his Commissioners to do better when they get their Bill passed into law, as we hope they soon will.

FILMS AND THE STATE

WHEN the movies were little more than a novel form of entertainment, it was natural to leave them as free as possible from State control, provided that they respected the normal laws of blasphemy, indecency and libel which apply to all amusements and publications. Legislation passed specifically for the cinema trade has been almost entirely confined to measures designed to assist a growing industry against foreign competition. Administratively, the Government has been content to come to an understanding with the big circuits, which they are not legally bound to observe, that a limited number of independent productions will be shown in their theatres each year. It has, moreover, given Mr. Rank a kindly warning that further extensions of his combine will not find favour at the Board of Trade.

The public is now much more aware of the way in which the film shapes its pattern of living and behaviour. The human mind is peculiarly responsive to the celluloid fantasy, projected to a passive audience in the relaxing darkness of the theatre. The standards set in the illusory world of the screen are unconsciously adopted by millions of ordinary men and women for whose daily lives the glamour, luxury and adventures of Dorothy Lamour and Tyrone Power do not offer a reliable model. Yet the cinema is here to stay, and some of its negative features have to be borne patiently. It is undesirable for a democratic State to exercise a cultural censorship. But, in the absence of State intervention, an effective censorship may be created by the development of a monopoly which makes it virtually impossible for outsiders to produce or to exhibit films. In industries like the cinema or the Press, which require a large amount of capital investment, there is little point in talking about freedom of expression from the angle of the public. In such cases it is not public choice that matters, but the liberty of those who wish to make films or publish papers. It is to the enlargement of this liberty that the Government has to direct its efforts.

There is one particular field where State control is legitimate and overdue. Whatever the

merits of the cinema clubs run by Mr. Rank's organisations, it should not be left to private enterprise to decide what films should be shown to young people at the most impressionable period in their lives. It is true that the Rank combine has made a serious effort to provide the right kind of film for these Saturday morning shows, which are attended by over half a million children. But it is not enough to set up a committee of public-spirited individuals to control these clubs and to supervise the production of the special films which Mr. Rank is now making at a financial loss. The M.P.s who raised this matter recently in the House of Commons rightly pointed out that the enormous influence which the cinema can exercise upon the minds of children is as much the business of the Government as is the provision and control of our educational system. There is ample evidence available about the social and psychological impact of the film on young people. It is time that the Government ceased to be complacent about the obsolete regulations governing the admission of children to cinemas and the kind of films that they are permitted to see there.

A report has recently been submitted to the Minister of Education by a committee of the County Councils' Association, which has been conducting just such an investigation for some months. Its proposals, which are supported by a large number of local authorities—the bodies responsible for licensing films—are that films in the "H" category should not be shown to anyone below the age of 18; that nobody under 16 should be admitted to an "A" feature, whether or not accompanied by an adult; and that no child under seven should be allowed into a cinema at all. This system would eliminate the anomaly of children being admitted to "A" films if they go with an adult. If the film is unsuitable for children by themselves, its impact on their minds is not changed by the presence of a parent. The committee also suggests that the Board of Film Censors should be abolished. This trade censorship has no official standing or public responsibility. In its place, the committee wishes to put a new, independent censorship commission, appointed by the local licensing committees, which would have definite standards by which to judge whether a film is suitable for children. If it decides that it is not, then nobody below the specified age would be admitted.

These are moderate reforms, urgently needed; and the Government would be wise to accept them as a basis. At the same time, it should review the whole question of the production of children's films, both for educational and for amusement purposes. It is the job of the Ministry of Education, not Mr. Rank, to supervise this side of the industry.

So far as adults are concerned, the Government will have to take into account the ambitious scheme put forward by a group of Labour Members, who propose that the State should acquire a large number of cinemas and set up a Film Commission which should be able to place money and studios, as well as screen space, at the disposal of genuine independent producers. The latter part of the scheme is both sensible and practicable. Without limiting the studio space at the command of existing producers, it would be possible for the Government to stipulate that it alone shall be able to build new studios in the next few years. The Film Commission could also act as distributor for films produced by independents in these and other studios. But there is little chance of persuading the Government that it should buy out five hundred private cinemas. Would it not be better to make a start by buying thirty in the bigger cities, which could be run either by the local authorities or by the Film Commission, showing the sort of "cultural" picture which is seldom seen outside London, as well as documentaries and the normal run of features, produced either by the combine or by independents? That would provide some experience upon which a more far-reaching project might be based.

A LONDON DIARY

THE path of the Tory propagandist is hard. His normal appeal is to the middle-class. If he exploits the troubles of the workers, the effect is not to persuade them to vote for the Conservatives. This baffling dilemma is clearly displayed in the Tory propaganda sheet, the *Recorder*. First we have a column designed to show how bad everything is under a Labour Government, and asking people to write in about their troubles. Inside, it appears that things are not so bad, for there is much about fashions to be seen in expensive shops and an article asking "Why not jewellery?" for Christmas presents. Add a piece from the Court Circular, an "authentic story" of Princess Elizabeth, an article by Lord Beaverbrook, on "How to win Fortune" by Salesmanship, and advertisements of flourishing commercial companies. Back we come to the front page and discover that, in spite of the election results, Labour is not doing too well, and that the Ministers "look across the floor of the House and see the Tory Party, the men who are their natural allies in restoring Britain's financial and economic strength." So the conclusion is a new National Government, apparently on the lines of 1931. Ministers, it seems, are to be driven to this extremity by Mr. Gallacher's insistence that common sailors should have shared with Nelson the honours of Trafalgar, and by the protest of Mr. Crossman, who is bewilderingly described as "the stooge of Mr. Zilliacus!"

* * *

I have been criticized for my comment that the publicity about the arrival of the German Socialists here was badly handled. My point was that it should have been possible to foresee and allay the fears of the French, the Czechs and other Europeans. On the other hand, Soviet press description of Dr. Schumacher, an obviously sincere and brave anti-Nazi, as a "Fascist" is silly and wicked. We were all glad to have Socialist anti-Nazis here and to assure them of our desire to help German anti-Nazis to rebuild their country peacefully, and to exchange ideas and literature and friendship with them. Dr. Schumacher is a remarkable figure who owes his prominence to his record, his eloquence and fighting quality, and also, in part, I think, to his appearance. Someone has pointed out that he seems the perfect symbol of post-war Germany. He is tall and bowed; he is as thin as a German ration card. He lost an arm in the earlier war; his cheeks are hollow and his eyes have the strained and far-reaching look of one who has peered long through barbed wire. I can well imagine that he appeals to the returning prisoners of war and to the disillusioned young people as a leader with real dynamic. It will be his first task to find men and women who can carry political responsibility. At present his party is dangerously weak in this respect. The older men of "cabinet stature" are either dead or discredited: the younger generation have had no chance to learn the realities of politics and have little chance to prove their capacity under the paternal red-tape of the Control Commission.

* * *

Mr. Strachey's decision to stop the exchange of surplus B.U.s against points will not be popular: we have all learnt the pleasant habit of eking out a too starchy diet with additional sardines and chocolate biscuits. I assume that the reason for the decision is that the run on points goods has been too heavy. Certainly one result of stopping the exchange system will be to discourage economy in bread-eating; and I find it difficult to follow the reasoning in the official explanation that the exchange of surplus B.U.s for points was "unfair on small households." It may have been unfair to large bread consumers, such as landworkers, in comparison with urban families whose members can "eat out"; but surely a family of six are in no better position to save more bread *per caput* than a family of two. It is a pity to issue official explanations which the public finds unconvincing—the more so because most people, I think, agree that Strachey is doing a pretty good job. The only serious grouse which I have heard lately against the Food Ministry is that imported fruit is being sold at prices no working-class family can afford. Could not tangerines—part of everyone's idea of Christmas—be sold at a reasonable price? It is no answer to say, as Strachey did on Tuesday, that he "is not prepared to nationalise the tangerine industry." Meat prices are controlled without the need for the nationalisation of agriculture. Moreover, as the *News Chronicle* has pointed out this week, racketeering in the fruit market is leading to such humble articles as peanuts being retailed at 16*s*. a pound. In this country the black market in foodstuffs has been kept within tolerably small dimensions; but it makes people disproportionately angry when precious bananas are sold "under the counter" at twice the legal price, and when long-awaited tangerines are retailed at 6*s*. and 7*s*. a pound.

* * *

Odd things seem to be happening in the American Zone of Germany. According to the Munich *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, 1,600 German Prisoners of War, given priority of release from England because they were anti-Fascists, arrived lately at a clearance camp at Heilbronn in Bavaria. They were greeted by one of the German camp commandants who said: "We know very well what sort of people you are. If any of you tell us you are democrats, we'll hold you here for three months, so that you can get used to life in Germany." Thereupon their personal belongings were taken away from them, and they were beaten up by the German camp guards in the best Nazi style. The American authorities, I gather, intervened to protect repatriated democrats; but there are no signs yet that U.S. Mil. Gov. intends to veto the appointment as Prime Minister of Bavaria of Dr. Josef Müller, leader of the Bavarian Christian Socialists, notwithstanding the fact that considerable doubts—to say the least of it—have arisen about Müller's past political activities. Some of his colleagues in the leadership of the Christian Socialist Union, displeased by his dictatorial handling of Party affairs, have circulated in Munich the Minutes of a Gestapo inquiry which is said to have been held on Müller when he was accused of being privy to the 1944 plot against Hitler. According to these Minutes, if they are genuine, Müller produced evidence, which satisfied the Gestapo, that he had been a Nazi Party member of long standing, and actually

held the rank of Captain in the *Abwehr*—the counter-espionage branch of the Intelligence organised by Himmler.

* * *

The new volume of *Contact* has acquired sufficient sobriety of make-up without the loss of gaiety or originality. The contents are bright, varied and informative. Readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will find in it a "retrospect" of this journal's life by its editor. It is, in effect, a survey of some of the pre-war psychological dilemmas in which almost everyone in England found themselves. But it unfortunately contains one of those misprints which easily slip through because they make sense, but happen to make a very different sense from that which is intended. The article, as it stands, speaks of Socialist revolution as being "the last result" war could have; "last" of course should be "best."

* * *

Boils, I find, are very like bombs. Everyone else has had a bigger one than yours and in a worse place. A kindly policeman at the House of Commons, learning the cause of my limp, confided to me that his boil had been on his seat. A sympathetic friend explained that his best boil had lasted six weeks and left a permanent hole in his back. Still another famous man (whose hobby may be fishing) demonstrated with his hands the size of his most remarkable boil which had been, he asserted, the record for all time. My own boil, which has now erupted and left a vast crater, had by this time become a poor little affair, scarcely worth mentioning. Its size and narrative value has been reduced even further today; a bus conductor informed me that his mate (pointing to the driver) had had thirty-two boils all at the same time. I have now withdrawn from the competition. I wish I'd never had the darned thing.

CRITIC

THE BLOODHOUND

THE death of Gustav Noske last month, just when he was planning to go to the U.S., will have come as a surprise to the many people who had imagined him dead long ago. Yet such is the almost symbolic fact. Others were martyred. But this man, who did so much to cripple the Weimar Republic at its birth, lived to see its final strangulation, survived the Third Reich and was still alive and well when his country went down in the Second World War.

Just over a year ago I spent an evening with Noske in Berlin. At 77 he was an impressive figure, tall and powerfully built, his hair still dark and plentiful for his age. He was old, but, unlike the Concentration Camp victims I visited in hospital, in very good shape. With eyes like Bismarck, a large and rather hanging mouth under a drooping moustache, broad shoulders, all the more weighty for their slight stoop, Noske looked every inch "The Bloodhound." His deep, guttural voice added the suggestion of baying. "You know, they called me 'The Bloodhound'." We had not got very far in our conversation before he brought that up. Though he put a note of grievance into the words, there was pride in them too. He must have known what his mirror showed him. I remembered he had conferred the nickname on himself.

It was on January 6th, 1919. Demonstrations were going on in the streets of Berlin. In Ebert's office in the Reich Chancery the provisional Government of Social-Democrats were anxiously discussing their precarious position. Noske insisted that armed force must be used to restore order and assert the Government's authority. Since they could not rely on the soldiers, sailors or police, a volunteer corps must be raised. "But not under a General," it was objected, "or we shall alienate the workers." The tremulous discussion went on. Impatiently Noske called for a decision. "Then you do it," said one of them. "Very well," Noske replied. "Somebody must be the bloodhound. I won't shirk the responsibility." His colleagues were relieved. Alone among them, Noske had the toughness, the lack of squeamishness, to carry out the decision they had so hesitantly taken. For the next few months he held the stage. He was almost dictator.

Despite what had been said, however, this move was not destined to keep the Generals out. As everyone knows, it was to the higher officers that Noske turned. To save the Republic which they hated, Noske summoned them from temporary eclipse and gave them the means of re-establishing their influence in German life. The bloody repression, in which fifteen thousand workers lost their lives, did what it was intended to do. The Socialist menace was removed. Germany became a bourgeois democracy in which the enemies of Socialism could plan and work and at last strike to kill.

A cartoon of those days shows Scheidemann looking up at Noske, who is galloping off on a horse which is adorned with a Kaiser Wilhelm moustache, a *Pickelhaube* and an Iron Cross. "But, Gustav," says Scheidemann, "where are you off to?" And Noske answers, "How do I know? Ask the horse." In a telegram to General von Epp, Commander of the "White" Army which "cleaned up" Bavaria, Noske said: "I am extremely pleased with the discreet and wholly successful way in which you have conducted operations in Munich. Please convey my thanks to your troops." In March 1933, General von Epp was to return as Reich Commissar to Bavaria, once again the right man for the job, but this time appointed by Hitler.

But now, when the curtain had come down on the tragedy, what did Noske think of it all? He proceeded to recount his part in the fateful years 1918-1920. With the utmost relish he went over the story of how he "restored order" in Berlin, in Hamburg, in Hanover, in Munich . . . numbering the places off on his fingers, once here, twice there. "Order. I restored order." That was all he could think of. He even dwelt with pleasure on the murder of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. Yes, I interrupted him, but what about the subsequent history of Germany, the undermining of the Republic, the rise of Hitler? Or the reason for Germany's subsequent downfall? That was easy. "In March 1920, I ceased to be War Minister." That was the beginning of Germany's downfall. But now that the war was over, surely the British Government could make use of him. They would not want the Communists to gain influence in Germany. He had had great experience in restoring order. Incredible as it might seem, The Bloodhound was actually hoping for a come-back, under British auspices.

How essentially nationalist Noske was, how typical a "Social Chauvinist," he revealed in a story he told me of the days when the Disarmament Commission was trying to disarm Germany "to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety," as the Treaty put it. "I was talking to a British officer on the Commission. I told him how hard it was on Germany to have to surrender guns, machine-guns, etc. He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye and said, 'Yes, but you only have to surrender *complete* guns.' I took the hint and we set about dismantling them and keeping the parts." Noske was very pleased with this story and, typically, assumed I would be equally pleased.

Well, now he is gone, congratulating himself no doubt to the end. But with entire conviction? Old men naturally revert to their early triumphs, but do they plunge at once, with a stranger, into a forceful apologia, if they are quite satisfied that they did well? Whether he learnt anything or not, he was part of history long before he died—the classic example of the "moderate" Socialist whose animus against those less moderate than himself lands him eventually among those whom he once denounced as "reactionaries," the Socialist leader who could never have given Hitler one uneasy moment.

VIVIAN OGILVIE

FOR CLIMBERS

Why did the number of manuals on how to behave in good society increase so greatly during the first half of the nineteenth century? There have always been such manuals of deportment in this world of gentry-worship and class distinctions, where "lordolatry" and scorn of the lower orders has obtained since the human race began to sort itself out, and particularly in England, where it has for many centuries been possible to move from one class into another. But, with the spoils of the industrial revolution and of a hugely swelling foreign trade turning artisans into rich manufacturers and shopkeepers into merchant princes (successors of the nabobs), a host of newly enriched men and their wives and children aspired more largely than before. Thousands of families, established in mansions outside manufacturing towns, in fine houses on the outskirts of Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, receded every generation further from the plebeian source of their wealth, till the merchants and the manufacturers were country squires in the heart of the shires; or they had solid houses in London suburbs; and even, after further steps up the golden ladder, in Belgravia or in Portland Place. Given confidence by wads of notes, the lower middle classes stepped out of their places and reached towards things too high for them; towards, in fact, that glittering Grandstand where Society sat barred from vulgar approach. Alas, the aspirants lacked, and knew that they lacked (or, if they did not, they would soon find out) the passport of gentility that could unbar to them those coveted gates. But, as always, the need called forth the aid, demand produced supply: those who did know how one should behave rushed to the rescue of those who did not, manuals and books on polite conduct streamed from publishers who knew their business, to be absorbed by bewildered but resolute aspirants after gentility. *Hints on Etiquette** was first published in 1834; it was "not written for those *who do* but for those who do *not know what is proper*, comprising a large portion of highly respectable and estimable people, who have had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the usages of the so-termed best society." No doubt, adds the anonymous author, the upper ranks in the middle classes in London know the rules; "but in the country (especially in the mercantile districts), where the tone of society is altogether lower, it is far otherwise . . . If these hints save the blush but upon *one cheek*, or smooth the path into society of only *one* honest family, the object of the author will be attained."

And so, for the benefit of these unfortunates, *Aywyos* kindly wrote this little book on etiquette, taking some of it from earlier manuals.

What a portentous task faced him! As he justly observed, "in a mercantile country like England, people are continually rising in the world. Shopkeepers become merchants and mechanics manufacturers; with the possession of wealth they acquire a taste for the luxuries of life, expensive furniture and gorgeous plate; also numberless superfluities, with the use of which they are only imperfectly acquainted . . . it rarely occurs that the polish of their manners keeps pace with the rapidity of their advancement: such persons are often painfully reminded that wealth alone is insufficient to protect them from mortifications . . . In all cases, the observances of the Metropolis (as the seat of refinement) should be received as the standard of good breeding."

A hard doctrine for the rich "Ba gooms" of Lancashire to accept. But it is probable that their wives and daughters rubbed it in. The Lancashire rich had to accept London habits, renouncing many of their own that they enjoyed. No longer might they at dinner chew noisily, or breathe hard in eating; these are both "unseemly habits, and ought to be eschewed." Dinner among the *nouveaux riches* would appear to have been a noisy affair, for "many people make a dis-

* *Hints on Etiquette and the Usages of Society.* By *Aywyos* (*Turnstile Press*, 5s.).

gusting noise with their lips, by inhaling their breath strongly whilst taking soup—a habit which should be carefully avoided. *You cannot use your knife, or fork, or teeth too quietly.*" This admonition is starred. So is "Do not pick your teeth *much* at table, as, however satisfactory a practice to yourself, to witness it is not a pleasant thing." A little picking may, it seems, be practised. Worst of all, when the finger bowls came round with the dessert, there were to be found lost souls who gargled out of them; these gentlemen had, perhaps, travelled for their firms on the Continent, for "they think, because it is a foreign habit, it cannot be disgusting." Aywyós tells them roundly and in italics that it is a *filthy* custom. After this, eating with one's knife, though "unnecessary and glaringly vulgar," seems a venial sin. "It is considered vulgar" also "to take fish or soup twice." The man who takes soup twice—what a Bateman it suggests. So does the dinner guest taking his hat into the drawing-room—"it is a piece of superlative folly for men who dine at a house to take their round hats into the drawing-room: it answers no purpose at all; and the necessity of giving them to a servant on entering the dinner room creates confusion" (a situation elegantly illustrated here by Mr. Brian Robb).

This difficult and comfortless meal over, perhaps you would like to smoke: but, "if you are so unfortunate as to have contracted the low habit of smoking, be careful to practise it under certain restrictions; at least, so long as you are desirous of being considered fit for civilised society . . . What man of delicacy could presume to address a lady with his breath smelling of onions? Yet tobacco is equally odious." As to snuff-taking, it is "merely an idle, dirty habit," though not particularly offensive to your neighbours.

On the whole, the evening out has perhaps been more strain than pleasure, even if you have triumphantly taken its many hurdles. But you must not relax after it; you must be on your guard. You may, for instance, have met a nobleman at dinner, and have been favoured with some affable conversation from him. You must not presume on this; if you should chance to meet him again, "leave it to him to speak first, or to recognise you. If *you* claim *his* acquaintance, you give him an opportunity of behaving superciliously to you, which would be as well avoided." Indeed, you cannot be too careful with noblemen, who, it seems, are something like dangerous horses, and, unless carefully and modestly approached, will kick you. "We hear much of the courtesy, urbanity and condescension of the aristocracy, and those who, in all humility, bow down, will experience it; but woe to the unfortunate wight who dares to assert his own opinion in contradiction to theirs!" It looks as if Lady Catherine de Bourgh was not, after all, such a caricature as we suppose. Even the untitled gentry are liable to be "irremediably offended" if allowed to leave your house without being properly shown out; no persons "above the rank of a shopman" must be thus treated.

There is a great deal to remember; the nervous strain of a week of London society must have been worse than ten years of Manchester mills. You must remember never to repeat the name of the person to whom you are talking, as "Really, Mrs. Fidkins, I quite agree with you, Mrs. Fidkins"; this habit, in one of lower rank, becomes an impertinence. Nor, meeting a friend, should you address him loudly by name, or roar out, "Ah! Mr. Smith! how do you do, Mr. Smith!" which shows great lack of delicacy. There is "a patrician tone of voice, which we fear can only be acquired in good society"—and we fear that you will not acquire it. Then, of course, there is the intimidating problem of dress; the odds are that you will be too gaudy.

And the odds are—one hates to say it—that you had really better renounce your social ambitions; it is improbable that you will make the grade. It is said, anyhow, to take two generations—or is it three? You will get no help from the ranks above you, for "the English are always endeavouring to squeeze through the portals of rank and fashion, and then slamming the door in the face of any unfortunate devil who may happen to be behind them." The kind instructor himself seems to be not too hopeful, for he admits that "these remarks will not be sufficient in themselves to *make* you a *gentleman*," and suggests at the end that you may have to content yourself with the gentility of the MIND. Cold comfort, this, for aspiring plutocrats. Were I in their place, I would give it up, and return to my soup-sucking, knife-sucking, noisy chewing, finger-bowl-gargling, horse laughs, and other low habits. After all, what is the point of being able to afford a good dinner if you don't enjoy eating it?

ROSE MACAULAY

CHALK AND CHEESE

I MAKE a point of being on my pitch, with my pictures in position, by half past seven in the morning. This avoids, by a wide margin, any danger of being forestalled on a busy, cash-producing spot. At that hour, moreover, passers-by do not take it amiss, and respond, if one wishes them "Good morning." This I find heartening, as it gives a tiny illusion of not being quite friendless. The remainder of the day one seems to wear a cloak of invisibility, except to clients—not a very pleasant sensation.

My "premises" are five in number, in different London districts, and I try to be in the same place on the same day of the week. It pays to co-operate with the police, and they definitely don't like you there every day. Maybe clients don't either. Everything I show is my own work, and anything soiled or otherwise weather-beaten has to be discarded. A drawing, using pastel, white chalk and charcoal, takes me anything from one to three hours to complete, and I show a dozen or more at a time. So one day a week is allocated to production. A pavement artist with a faded lot of stuff that has been on show for years is not looked upon with a favourable eye either by the public or the law. And, speaking for myself, artistic integrity exists as a motive too.

Since I don't draw on the pavement surface itself, I have the greatest difficulty in satisfying questioners that what I show is my own. Grades of scepticism range from "Are these really all your own doing?" to "You didn't do those," with or without an interrogatory inflexion. Nor must I omit the young man who asks with a knowing air, "Where do you buy them?" Of late I have taken to chalking on the pavement some such statement as "All these drawings are positively my own work" which has of course decreased enquiries—about one per cent. Not a few receive assurance with complete incredulity; but the blame, in fairness to them, must be shared by certain imposters who have taught the public to be wary.

Rain is my chief bugbear. Pastel work can take a lot of punishment in this respect, if the rain-drops are clean, and wet clothes are bearable up to a point, but a light shower empties the streets to an amazing extent. Worst of all, it is a bore to disarrange a snugly-buttoned overcoat, or to expose the contents of a hand-bag to the English weather. On such occasions, I'm thankful for a temperament not easily made disconsolate.

The hours pass at a surprising speed, especially if the occasional "tokens of esteem" are not unusually dilatory. Street life never loses its interest for me, and the novice soon learns to adapt himself to his circumstances. Twelve or fourteen pictures in a line take several strides to pass, so an "offertory circle" of chalk is advisable at each end, to accommodate walkers in both directions. Police constables are frequently detailed to stand unobtrusively near traffic lights to watch for driving irregularities. Should one be stationed near my pitch I know I am in for an unproductive period, though only a psychologist could tell me why.

There is, too, a curious trick very commonly exhibited by carriers of hand-bags. If this useful adjunct to feminine attire should chance to be held in the hand or beneath the arm nearer to me, it is nearly always transferred to the far side by the bearer, more or less unconsciously, I imagine. The male sex tend to jingle their coins, though not at all in an offensive manner, as they pass.

Finally, I have proved the truth of the proverb, "Money breeds money." A circle of chalk with a coin or two in it is more likely to receive further contributions than an empty one. And if "Work breeds work" is equally true, perchance this attempt at describing my days may bring me an offer of something to do more useful to me and to my fellow-men.

LEIGH MERCER

BIOLOGICAL

Biological warfare is officially defined as "the employment of bacteria . . . and toxic agents . . . to produce death or disease in man.—*Collier's.*

While Powers are rearming as they never armed before
And pledges of disarmament are vague,
American researchers mobilise the germs of war,
Forgetful of Conventions of the Hague,
With fever, anthrax, brucellosis, tularaemia, psittacosis,
And cholera and dysentry and plague.

While freedom-loving nations drill in overwhelming force
To guard the Christian values of the West,
Bacterial offensives hit the life-stream at its source,
The anaerobe has passed the Army test,
With streptococcic organisms, septicaemia, botulism,
Typhoid, tetanus and rinderpest.

Bacteria eliminate the element of chance,
Their culture is no economic strain,
The spreading of infection is a notable advance
On the hazards of the mechanised campaign:
Populations fever-stricken, evil nations waste and sicken
With thyphus and pneumonia and ptomaine.

If anti-democratic States refuse to come to terms
And ideologic fissures gape more wide,
Invisible contingents of biologic germs
The Chemical War Service will provide.
They are naturally desirous that the cultivated virus
Should fight upon the democratic side.

The dread staphylococcus sprayed by artificial mist,
Mixed toxic agents spreading deadly blight,
The raging epidemics of the germ-war strategist
Will conquer in democracy's last fight.
Psittacosis! Tularaemia! Brucellosis Plague!
Toxaemia!
For Country! God! Democracy! and Right!

SAGITTARIUS.

THIS ENGLAND

A 5-- prize for the first entry in this column goes to R. P. Graham.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

I would point out one thing first of all, that the aim of every one in this country is to breed the winner of the Derby.—Lord Rosebery, reported in *The Times.*

One breeder said: "There are always people ready to pay a good price for Norfolk turkeys at Christmas-time. We should be foolish to sell at the controlled price and lose money."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"Can you see any difference between the victimisation of non-Nazis in Germany before the war and that of non-unionists in this country to-day?"

This question was put to Mr. L. D. Gammans, M.P., when he replied: "This is a wise question; there is not much difference."—Report in *Hornsey Journal.*

Do not forget the little woollen panties, which can be as light as a feather, as pretty as silk, but as warm as toast, and far more conducive to a wild rose flush than silk scanties which encourage a mauvish tint instead.—Article in *News Chronicle*.

I believe that man is a son of God in the making, but that his status as such is now most grievously threatened by the policy of the Trades Union Congress . . . ."—Letter in *Sunday Times*.

There is nothing quite so stimulating as wearing a tight corset. Having been tightly laced from the age of 16 I know the sense of well-being it can give. —Letter in *Evening News*.

The man has probably not been born in modern England who would omit " Esq." from an envelope. —Report in *Evening News*.

The Arts and Entertainment

MANUEL DE FALLA
(1876—1946)

ALTHOUGH Manuel de Falla lived to be nearly seventy years old, it would be possible to play straight through the whole of his published work in the course of a long afternoon: five hours would be enough, or six at the most. And of this slender output a considerable part was produced in one brief period of his life—that of the First World War. To these years belong, it seems, all three of those major works on which his reputation mainly rests: the *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, *El Amor Brujo* and *The Three-Cornered Hat*. The few earlier compositions that survive (of which the largest is the opera *La Vida Breve*) are not yet fully characteristic; the later works, fascinating and original as they are, grew fewer and briefer as their style became less lyrical and spontaneous. When the third edition (1927) of *Grove's Dictionary* came to be revised in 1940, it was a melancholy discovery that not a single work could be added to Falla's short but dazzling list.

The silence of some twenty years inevitably provoked rumours about his health and even his mental stability. So far as I am aware, they were unfounded. Notable even among Spaniards for his reserve, and fastidious to a fault, Falla lived latterly a secluded life with his sister. A few years before the Second World War he left Spain for a village in the Argentine named Alta Gracia; and even this removal seems to have been prompted, not by political reasons, but solely by the wish for a still greater degree of monastic seclusion. Nor is it a fact that he had abandoned musical composition; for a part at any rate of those two decades he had been working on a large composition for soloists, chorus and orchestra based on the Catalan epic *Atlántida*, a work which should by rights have been his masterpiece, but one which has remained as tantalisingly "in the wings" as the Eighth Symphony of Sibelius. Nevertheless, rumours of its completion persist.

In that brief and radiant *Blütezeit* what Falla did was to project on to the consciousness of the whole musical world a personal, pure and intensely brilliant vision of Spain. Andalucian on his father's side and Catalan on his mother's, he combined the evocative, magical, half-Oriental manner of the south-west with the gaiety, clarity and directness of the Mediterranean shore: his treatment of the spectre in *El Amor Brujo* illustrates perfectly the nature of this dual inheritance. His first master was Pedrell, a name revered by every Spanish musician; from Pedrell he learnt how to value, and how to blend, the curiously variegated components of Spain's musical tradition: the sixteenth-century classics, the *zarzuelas* and street-music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and that incomparably vivid folk music which in Falla's youth was still a living part of popular culture, and not, as in England, an antiquarian hobby. But a still more important influence was that of Debussy: the years from 1907 to 1914, which Falla spent in Paris, were crucial in his artistic development. He was amazed to find that Debussy (by instinct, for he had scarcely set foot in Spain) appeared to understand the idiom of Andalucia like a native; and his own naturally fastidious ear learnt much from Debussy's consummate mastery of harmony and orchestration—indeed, the wonder is that the younger man was able to preserve his identity so fully as he did. In Paris, where so many expatriate composers have come to grief, Falla found himself; and it was a genuine sense of gratitude which moved him to dedicate to the memory of Debussy that short and intensely serious piece for solo guitar called *Homage*.

In 1919—after the triumphant collaboration with Picasso and Massine in *The Three-Cornered Hat*—the possibilities of Falla's genius seemed immense. His position was in some respects analogous to that of Bartók in Hungary; both composers saw the necessity of freeing themselves from the local idiom which had been so powerful an element of their earlier styles. But for Falla the task proved more difficult, for there seems to be something in the Latin genius repugnant to abstract instrumental design on a large scale. At any rate he fought shy of sonata, symphony or quartet, and wrote instead *Psyché*, a delicate setting of verses by Jean Aubry to a light instrumental accompaniment; and, at the opposite end of the spectrum, a splendid piece of baroque declamation to lines by Góngora (the *Soneto a Córdoba*): these are two songs which deserve to be better known. He wrote also a short opera for puppets called *Master Peter's Puppet Show*, which must have been delightful in the Princesse de Polignac's drawing-room, but is exceedingly difficult to bring off in the theatre. Most important of all, he wrote the *Harpsichord Chamber Concerto*, a sonorous, tessellated, somewhat static work, whose dryness has outweighed its Scarlattian sparkle in the public estimation. Small miscalculations in performance often make it sound lumpy; but the slow movement is a masterly evocation of liturgical chant and the clangour of bells: listening to it is like assisting at an unfamiliar but impressive ritual, with curious, unexplained pauses and sudden outbursts of antique splendour. As a whole, the music of the *Concerto* offers the most uncompromising demonstration of Falla's characteristically Spanish preference for violent solutions.

All these works, even the Góngora sonnet, represent an attempt to break away from his old Andalucian style. Alas, much vanished along with it: not only the irresistible stamping rhythms and the pungent, swaggering orchestral colour, but those magical moments of tenderness and pure melodic invention which used to melt all hearts: such moments as the very end of the *Nights*, or the wonderful 7/8 G major tune in the " Pantomime " section of *El Amor Brujo*. Whether Falla's subsequent productivity was inhibited by the knowledge that he had lost more than he could ever hope to replace, an outsider can hardly say; doubtless it was a true instinct which told him that the nationalistic orange was squeezed dry. But so long as he cared to interpret Spain to the world, he remained an unrivalled master; no musician before or since has painted more splendidly or more evocatively her pride, her passion, her humour and her violent contrasts of tone.

> abrupt as when there's slid
> Its stiff gold blazing pall
> From some black coffin-lid.

The legend of Atlantis—of warring Titans, the Gardens of the Hesperides, cities of unearthly beauty awaiting their cataclysmic doom—all this might, one sees, have elicited from Falla a final and prodigious masterpiece. Did it actually do so? I wish someone would enlighten our curiosity.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

ROUND THE EXHIBITIONS

THE front rooms of the Christmas exhibition at Wildenstein's contain chiefly French drawings and water-colours, interspersed with rococo ornament to induce an atmosphere of polite culture. But it is worth penetrating into the further room where a few impolite oil-paintings are shown. Vlaminck puts out his tongue at culture in a blood-red streak of barges nosing their way across the Seine. At present the stock of Vlaminck has sunk too low, because the reputation is based on the well-known monotonous formula he invented for street scenes. This picture was painted in his earlier Fauve period before his rebellious spirit had been tamed. Segonzac's speciality is nature in her wildest excesses, when the bare branches of trees are licked by a howling gale. If Vlaminck thrives on lack of discipline, Segonzac is happiest when most restrained; and I suspect that his pen drawings of spidery willows by river-banks will continue to be highly esteemed long after his oil-paintings are forgotten. A picture (or should I call it a piece of embroidery?) by Bonnard of a mandoline-player at a street corner is painted with such delicacy and charm that it makes the winter landscapes of Segonzac, hanging nearby, look garish. Among the watercolours is a scene of anti-British propaganda, signed and dated JLSM 1839. Jean-Louis Siméon Monnet? Jacques-Louis Sébastien Mongelas? Convincing guesses, but the artist's name is immaterial. The picture describes the carrying out of the Duke of Wellington's orders to restore to their rightful owners the works of art looted by the French during the Napoleonic wars. Barbarous British soldiers poke their heads through canvases, negligently chuck works of art out of windows, liberate the cellars. Before the outbreak of the Third World War, sub-commissions for Monuments and Fine Arts might begin having copies made for distribution down to Battalion level.

The Arcade Gallery is showing a collection of sixty drawings by Stefano della Bella, the Italian counterpart of Callot, who worked principally in Florence during the middle years of the seventeenth century. The artist has jotted down at intervals his impression of any object which caught his eye and intrigued him, before it had a chance to fly, run or ride away: a barn-owl, an ostrich, a boy riding a horse, a gentleman on the point of hitting a croquet ball, a soldier loading and firing his gun. To catch the fleeting image, Stefano della Bella had to scribble his figure on to the page, or suggest movement by flat, ghost-like washes. The postage-stamp of a gondola is as vivid as a Guardi, and the serried ranks of soldiers drawn up on the plain anticipate Constantin Guys in his capacity of official war artist in the Crimea. Throughout modern history there have never lacked modest mass-observers who, scornful of the thunderous artistic movements of their time, have sat down with a pencil to put on record the common habits of animals and men.

The nonsense poet Edward Lear was not a tourist in Greece, he settled down there for many years, dividing his time between the islands. From Ithaca he would take a boat to Zante and, rising with the dawn, sketch the view of the harbour. Some of his watercolours are on exhibition at the Adams Gallery. Edward Lear's deep sympathy and acquaintance with the country made it possible for him, in a few inspired moments, to clean off the layers of discoloured varnish which hid the Mediterranean from the eyes of his more sentimental contemporaries, and disclose what was really there. BENEDICT NICOLSON

THE MOVIES

" Great Expectations," at Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion
" La Cage aux Rossignols," at the Tatler

In my case the expectations, modest rather than urgent, were confined to three: seeing my first Dickens film (by management more than luck I had succeeded in avoiding the others); seeing what Mr. David Lean, the alert director of *Brief Encounter* and *This Happy Breed*, would make of it; doubting and then—with the single example of *Henry V*—wondering confidently about our ability to produce a series of historical films.

Dickens novels offer a particular problem: no novelist could be more theatrical, yet his stories translate badly on the stage. All those famous characters seem to be minor characters, even Pickwick, and removed from the lavish hospitality of their author's page they dwindle lamentably. Gusto? Nothing could be more lacking from the dramatisations I have come across. On the other hand, there are Dickens's gift for weaving a plot energetically if clumsily, his comic idiom, his fantasy, and his vision of crowds and

streets. Those, perhaps, might be made to live on the screen, if a director could persuade himself to ignore the easy picturesque appeal any Dickens title will have for an audience. In itself, *Great Expectations*—the novel—is among the less wilful and animated; it has a clear melodramatic line, one touching comic figure (Joe), one huge stroke of fantasy (Miss Havisham and her spider-hung wedding scene) weakened a little by repetition.

Mr. David Lean does the obvious and goes all out for melodrama, adding—unless I'm mistaken—some touches of his own. No great harm in that. The opening scene in the churchyard even requires it; and when the convict sets out to scare the daylights out of Pip, how magnificently his rhetoric falls on the ear? His sinister reappearance, years later, as the unnamed benefactor, provides another passage as excellent in the same key. Mr. Finlay Currie plays the part with relish, though I should have liked his regeneration to be more emphatic and coarsely sentimental. In the wholesale conversion by which Pip ceases to be a snob and Estella a heartless flirt and everything suddenly turns out happily, we need a solid base in Magwitch.

The other characters fall short of Dickens, Joe Gargery (Bernard Miles) is a mere drab shred of the original; Miss Matita Hunt's Miss Havisham insufficiently excites chill or pity, though her wedding-dress and breakfast table are excellent; while Jaggers the lawyer (you can tell from his name that he should have a cutting edge) becomes in the expansive person of Mr. Francis L. Sullivan a bluff bludgeon. As the grown-up lovers Mr. John Mills is spirited, Miss Valerie Hobson, an unconvincing pose, like the original. The children, Antony Wager and Jean Simmons, do much better, as in Dickens.

Chances, then, as in a Test match, have been missed all round, although the film takes us inside a period and not merely agreeably round it. The whole piece goes, and will be deservedly popular; and it never drops below a high level of competence. Never? Well, twice. Once, when Pip's fears at night on the marsh are expressed by a bull suddenly speaking in a deep human voice; and once when poor Joe, having had all his good lines taken away, is made to do some knockabout with a topper in London. Signs that Mr. David Lean, however nimbly he may have come out of it, is perhaps rather off his beat.

The charming but slight piece at Tatler deserves to be seen—heard, rather—as it was made, before it starts to go the rounds in, I gather, a dubbed version. (For good reasons, perhaps, the latter has not been shown to the Press.) *La Cage aux Rossignols* is an artless affair about a wistful little man who wins over the savages in a reformatory, trains them to sing Rameau delightfully, writes a popular novel about his experiences, and marries the girl of his heart. An unnecessary and awkward framework gives us the novel being read by the girl to her mother. No lessons to be learnt here, no brows wrinkled. But this unassuming piece, which I can't imagine anyone not liking—even Scrooge in his heyday—has the touch of sympathy, of life. Jean Dreville (unknown to me) directs; Noel-Noel, who wrote the script, plays the appealing simpleton; Micheline Francey is his dream, and ours.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT.

RADIO NOTES

THE Enemy of Cant was Louis MacNeice as well as Aristophanes. And it was Mr. MacNeice at his best—witty and fantastic; unexpected, acrobatic, pertinent and scholarly; going behind the scenes, commenting, twisting, paraphrasing. Of course, this is only one way to "put across" the Ancient World, and perhaps it is unsuitable to everything except comedy; certainly it can only be done out of a depth of knowledge that supplies the instinctively just response to real changes in character and environment. Many of the intrinsic features of the society of Aristophanes' day are topical, now as then; but the parallel must not be overdrawn. This implies leaving the picturesque aspects of the dramatist just as they are, and for our delight in these we owed almost as much to the protean virtuosity of Esmé Percy as to Mr. MacNeice's light and agile touch. This actor has won himself a special place in our theatrical life; there is no one at all like him, and in fantastic, hyperbolic comedy—in flights of farcical poetry—he is supremely good. The dwindling hoots with which (in the character of Tygaeus) he flew to heaven on the back of a beetle, should go straight into anyone's private museum of Radio Moments. Two criticisms of this scintillating programme: in presenting the *Lysistrata* Mr. MacNeice's touch seemed to falter (considering the theme of the play, who shall blame him?); and the whole thing outstayed its welcome by a quarter of an hour. The final scene in Cloud-cuckoo-land seemed rather forced; it would, I feel, have been better to have ended with what appeared the natural end—the fine speech with which Aristophanes summed up the significance of his work. Full marks to Dylan Thomas for a drily convincing presentation of the Greek dramatist; his mannerisms, which of late have become rather enormous, were here in abeyance.

The Turn of the Screw. Bad radio, very well acted. Bad, because (1) it will not do to introduce, for the first time quite late in the script, two of the most important characters, after the listener has been led to expect them to remain unheard; (2) the atmosphere of the story—not the apprehension of the governess and housekeeper, but the feeling of quiet, slow, empty summer days in a remote country house in the Fifties—did not come through at all on the air, as it did, for instance, so remarkably in the recent production at the Arts Theatre. In fact, the whole management of the story in this script made one painfully aware of the limitations of radio. On the other hand, Miss Flora Robson's performance was so outstanding that I could not help wondering why this fine emotional actress is not more often invited to take the air.

Before joining in the chorus of relief which has greeted Bartók's *Third Piano Concerto*, I suggest that musicians pause to consider rather more carefully the quality of the slow movement. Are these naive and churchy harmonies really the premonitory signs of a genuine spiritual and musical development in the composer—of a wonderful, serene, "third period" of which his death deprived us? Personally I am deeply suspicious of this conclusion, so glibly arrived at in many quarters. Had the change taken the form of an increased acerbity, or even of some other kind of remoteness, instead of an apparent return to conventional harmonic canons, I think it likely that most critics (not to mention the general public) would have been less prodigal of posthumous congratulation. The first movement of this *Piano Concerto* would have done credit to Bartók at any stage of his career. But the uncomfortable mixture of styles displayed later on in this work and in the *Concerto for Orchestra*; the uncertainty of aim; the bewildering alternation of a ferocious intransigence and a half-apologetic desire to please: these embarrassing features of Bartók's last works suggest to me a man in whom age, illness, disillusionment, and perhaps poverty, had driven to a final pathetic bid for popularity at the only price which would immediately command it.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

DRESSING UP

James painted black moustaches round his nose,
And in the glass a sneering Satan smiled:
I thought once more, how harrowingly shows
Beneath the cork, the innocence of a child

FRANCES CORNFORD

Correction

By an error the music of the ballet of Khadra was attributed to Delius instead of Sibelius in our notice last week.

FABER BOOKS

Fiction

HOLDFAST
8/6 **A. G. Street**
His first long novel for seven years.

CONTINENTAL REVUE
9/6 **Winifred Bambrick**
A brilliant novel about circus life.

Poetry

THE TRAVELLER
7/6 **Walter de la Mare**
Illustrated in colour by John Piper.

POEMS OF DEDICATION
6/- **Stephen Spender**

POEMS OF DELIVERANCE
7/5 **A. L. Rowse**

General

FOREIGN MUD
21/- *Illus.* **Maurice Collis**

SOCIOLOGY OF FILM
15/- *Illus.* **Peter Mayer**

NUTS IN THE ROOKERY
8/6 *Illus.* **M. Blomefield**

A Novel of the Life of Stendhal

THREE COLOURS of TIME

by

Anatoli Vinogradov

The subject of this biographical novel is the great French novelist 'Stendhal'—Henry Beyle—a man of undoubted genius and one of the outstanding figures in the history of modern European literature. 12/6

HUTCHINSON
& Co. (Publishers) Ltd.
Largest of Book Publishers

NOW READY

Armament & History

Maj.-Gen. J. F. C. FULLER

"Critical and challenging throughout. The story is not confined to war (although strategy and tactics are fully covered), but extends to the influence of weapons on history in the widest sense."
Lord Hankey in the *Sunday Times*.

"As this book shows, he remains today the most brilliant—if the most erratic—British strategist; and also more surprisingly, he displays original and valuable insight into the modern state."
R. H. S. Crossman in the *New Statesman*.

12s. 6d. net

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

BRAQUE
LE PATRON
A study of the life and work of the great French painter by his friend and compatriot, the poet
Jean Paulhan
Frontispiece in colour and 56 full-page reproductions.
9" × 7" 35s. net

Paul Valéry
LE CIMITIÈRE MARIN
(THE GRAVEYARD BY THE SEA)
Translated by
C. Day Lewis
In a limited edition specially printed on hand-made paper by Dr. Mardersteig at the Bodoni Press, Verona. French and English texts on facing pages.
21s. net

SECKER & WARBURG

Correspondence

THE CASE FOR MR. BEVIN

SIR,—I read your front page article and also the article entitled, "The Soul of the Labour Party" with astonishment. The front page article belittles the very hopeful developments of last week, particularly the Soviet willingness to operate a scheme for the control of atomic energy without the protection of the veto. We must seek to negotiate a master plan which will provide adequate safeguards for every Power during the implementation by stages of such a scheme. The scheme itself may be vetoed, but once it has been agreed, it should contain provisions for its own automatic enforcement. The Russians now appear to accept this view, which a few Labour Members urged on the Government on the 2nd August, and which the Baruch delegation have broadly accepted. Just when the Russians begin to compromise, you throw up against the Government the original Russian proposals for unilateral American disarmament. Truly, Sir, you are becoming "plus Russe que les Russes."

"The Soul of the Labour Party" is embodied in the proposition that "in any conflict between capitalist powers and the U.S.S.R. it shall at least abstain from assisting the capitalist side." If the Russians are right on any issue we must support them. But if the Americans are right on any issue we must not support them (although they supported us in 1940 when we stood alone and Russia supported Germany). Really it is astounding that such propositions should be advanced in the name of Socialism. Our duty as Socialists is to fight for the advancement of political and economic democracy through Uno. On issues which are not fundamental we must be willing to compromise in the interests of the continued unity of the Big Three as a basis for an effective Uno. Unfortunately, the only fundamental issues on which our Socialist faith impels us to make a stand have been issues raised by the Russians, e.g., their use of the veto to frustrate the effective working of the Security Council, as when they first attacked us on Greece, and then vetoed the sending of an international fact-finding commission to that country. If America raises fundamental issues on which we cannot as Socialists agree with her, our Government will take an equally firm stand.

House of Commons. RAYMOND BLACKBURN

SIR,—Mr. Aidan Crawley, M.P., in the course of his analysis of the origins of Labour philosophy, states that "Marxist philosophy is largely discredited." Might one enquire with whom it is discredited? It is perfectly true that the academic philosophers airily wave it aside, but they and their predecessors have done so for the last century, and presumably Mr. Crawley does not rely on the death certificates signed by these gentlemen and their numerous capitalist supporters.

On the contrary, Marxist philosophy would appear to be growingly credited. For it claims to be something more than a viewpoint for argument in the "schools." It is an analysis and a guide to action. Quite a number of countries in the world today have governments which claim to use this philosophy as the basis of their actions, while in other countries, such as France and Italy, very large parties have won millions of votes professing the philosophy which Mr. Crawley finds "largely discredited." Nor will it have been lost on Mr. Crawley that both the French and Italian Socialist parties claim to have drawn, and to continue to draw, much of their basic theory from Marxist sources.

One of the reasons why so many people are highly critical of the Government's foreign policy is that Socialists have learnt from Marx and his followers to regard any capitalist economy as inevitably unstable. Yet we are tying ourselves economically, militarily and politically to an unbridled and anarchic capitalist economy. Recently the eminent Soviet economist, Dr. Varga, wrote:

"In the near future—probably not later than 1948 but possibly earlier—the beginning of the new economic crisis in the U.S.A. may be expected."

Now, there is not going to be a slump in those countries whose planned economies are based on "discredited" philosophy. They may have difficulties largely connected with international trade, but they will not have millions of unemployed, or the suffering that will be certain features of the crisis in the country which Mr. Crawley refers to as "a democracy with a collective conscience."

Might it not pay us to examine the matter with an unprejudiced mind rather than make unsupported generalisations which, if accepted, would cost this Government and the country very dear?

Icknield Cottage, Hinton Parva. E. PENNING-ROWSELL

SIR,—For all its modesty and air of quiet realism Mr. Aidan Crawley's analysis of world politics inspires little confidence. In particular, it fails to remove the feeling shared, not only by the newspaper-reading public, but by many soldiers and administrators abroad, that Britain is somehow losing the Peace.

Let us hope that Mr. Crawley's faith in Uno as a democratic institution of world government will be justified by events. But he is certainly wrong in imagining that the formation of a British and European Central Bloc is either irrelevant or detrimental to the success of Uno. On the contrary. Of course it all depends upon what is meant by "Bloc". As a *purely* economico-military conception the idea is indeed valueless. But if first things are put first; if the relatively mature civilisation of Europe and the British Commonwealth is vital enough, as Field-Marshal Smuts believes it still is, to make itself felt as a positive independent unit in the contemporary world, that indeed will be an enormous contribution to Peace.

For Britain and Europe *are* between the upper and the nether millstones: they lie between two materialist powers which *are* likely to collide, the one driven by an exaggerated, undisciplined economic urge; the other by a pessimistic, fatalistic philosophy of history. Both styles of life tend towards the sensational, the neurotic and the inhuman. The fact that we "get on better with the Americans" does not alter our inescapable position in this conflict of masses.

Mr. Crawley's arguments that a Central Bloc is in essence hostile to America or Russia, and that a Central Bloc is a red herring which may even detract from Uno's authority, are superficial. They show a lack of understanding of the need for a well-knit articulate group of mediating Powers which can deal with human situations creatively, unmesmerised by political and economic orthodoxies.

Mr. Crawley's arguments seem to me thoroughly characteristic of a negative, paltry optimism extremely dangerous in world affairs, about which one thing, at least, is now certain: that "progress by trial and error" simply can no longer be afforded.

46 Wilton Crescent, S.W.1. C. N. JANSON

BRITISH ZONE OF GERMANY

SIR,—Replying to a question in the House on December 4th about the number of workers employed on the Hamburg Project and on the building and repair of houses in Hamburg for German civilians between October 20th and November 19th, Mr. Hynd said:

"There were on the average some 9,000 Germans and 180 British employed during this period on the Hamburg Project, and 1,400 Germans employed on emergency civilian repairs. The figure of 9,000 includes, however, some 2,500 engaged on re-housing for Germans and some 1,400 employed in providing alternative office accommodation for Germans. Some 5,100 Germans are, therefore, engaged on the Hamburg Project proper and 5,300 on accommodation for German civilians."

HH
Me and Mine
JACK JONES
'As fresh and original as the average autobiography is dull, colourless and stereotyped.'— PETER QUENNELL (*Daily Mail*) 15s. *net*

The first two Titles in
The Novel Library
are now ready
Persuasion
by JANE AUSTEN
Jonathan Wild
by HENRY FIELDING
Pocket Size 6s. *each*
HAMISH HAMILTON LTD

Σ
SIGMA
FRONTIERS OF ASTRONOMY
David S. Evans, M.A., Ph.D.
"A very readable and interesting book which will appeal to a large number of readers." *Discovery.*
SCIENCE VERSUS CANCER
I. Berenblum, M.D., M.Sc.
"A model of what a popular medical book should be." *Daily Worker.*
each 6s. net

★
HOWARD FAST
Freedom ROAD
A novel of America after the Civil War, by the author of CITIZEN TOM PAINE
8s 6d
Recommended by the Book Society
THE BODLEY HEAD

THE HOGARTH PRESS
★
Recently published
Henry Green
BACK
"A novel of absorbing psychological interest"—*Man. Guardian.* "One of the most striking and original of modern novelists, and also one of the best"—*Listener.* 8s. 6d.
Tom Hopkinson
MIST IN THE TAGUS
"An unsettling, objective, persuasively true study of the clash of psychological types"—*Observer.* "Shows a most intelligent and perceptive writer at work"—*Listener.* 7s. 6d.
★

I have before me a document prepared in Hamburg during October, at my request, by a responsible officer of our Manpower Division there. This shows 14,226 as the total force employed on the Hamburg Project, made up of 5,815 Hamburg men, 4,372 imported and living in camps, 853 imported daily travellers, and 3,186 Dienstgruppen (undemobilised soldiers used as building labourers). The document further shows that of this total approximately 3,500 were employed on rehousing Germans evicted, or to be evicted, on account of the Hamburg Project, and on providing alternative office accommodation. Mr. Hynd's figure of 1,400 Germans employed on ordinary civilian repairs agrees roughly with the one I was given.

We therefore get, instead of Mr. Hynd's "5,100 Germans employed on the Hamburg Project proper and 5,300 on accommodation for German civilians," a *net* force of over 10,000 employed on the Project, and 1,400 (or, to give my figure, 1,700) employed on ordinary civilian repairs, as I stated in my article in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of November 30th.

Are we to understand that there was a sudden and very heavy reduction? But the same document says "at present 1,352 men are required" i.e. in addition to those already employed. VICTOR GOLLANCZ

SIR,—As a British relief worker who was in Germany until the latter part of 1945, and who came into contact with officers dealing with denazification, I should like to point out that in Section 6 of his article "The State of Germany," Mr. Victor Gollancz appears to reveal that he is distinctly under-informed as to the nature of the denazification problem.

The three questions in the new questionnaire, which he finds so ridiculous, were, I believe, framed as the result of a great deal of experience precisely in order to avoid the injustice of penalising merely nominal Nazi Party members, and with the object of identifying really active abettors and beneficiaries of Nazism.

Let us examine the purpose of these questions a little more closely. The first question could lead to the identification of the wife of a Gauleiter or Kreisleiter who might be in possession of property looted from Jews and political victims, and have been implicated in war crimes; the second could reveal active propagandists for National Socialism, who in a considerable number of cases were not members of the Nazi Party; the third could be a pointer to the discovery of a propaganda worker or organiser who had enriched himself by spreading anti-Semitism and National Socialism in foreign countries.

Mr. Gollancz might of course argue that the whole policy of preventing active beneficiaries and promoters of National Socialism from now occupying leading positions in German life is a wrong one. This is an easier attitude for those Englishmen whose lives, families and property have remained unscathed in this island during the past 13 years than for a German Jew or political prisoner who has, because of race or loyalty to conviction, lost health, property and family in the struggle with the Nazis, and who sees their agents exercising influence and benefiting from property and position secured by evil deeds.

It is a pity that Mr. Gollancz marred his article, with its admirable humanitarian contentions, by comments on denazification which appear superficial and unconducive to the establishment of conditions of justice in Germany. STEPHEN GREEN

PAPERS FOR GERMANY

SIR,—Now that newspapers and periodicals may be sent directly to Germany, may I suggest that readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should send their own copies, or better still, take out subscriptions for new copies to be sent to German individuals and organisations?

Until recently, the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION was hawked around the British Zone at "black market" prices—such was the eagerness of Germans to know what British Socialists were thinking. An ample importation of your journal will make that knowledge freely available to many who, today, are as lacking in contact with liberal thought as they are lacking in food. MAURICE EDELMAN

[Readers who wish to send copies of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to Germany but lack addresses, will be glad to know that subscriptions and copies can be allocated by the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION offices from a list supplied by German Socialists.—Ed. N.S. & N.]

"LETTER TO MY BEARER"

SIR,—Arikaswami Gopal's weekly wage of two rupees as an Army officer's bearer, while considerably below the all-India average for his profession, was better than that of elementary school teachers in Bengal—one and a half rupees.

Whilst serving in Bengal as an Army officer, towards the end of 1944, I had the opportunity of hearing a report by an authoritative official on the breakdown of education in that province, which is traditionally the most advanced in educational services. He described how, over a large part of the countryside, the schools were closing down and education coming to a standstill because of mass desertion of their posts by the teachers. These men, often university graduates, unable to maintain their families on six rupees a month in face of the rising cost of living due to inflation and hoarding, threw up their jobs to take service as bearers to Army officers, as coolies on aerodrome construction works, or in other menial or manual occupations. Sometimes the difference between the old wage and the new was only a few annas, but at that level in India of the nineteen-forties a few annas often means the difference between life and death—"life" here meaning, of course, the sort of existence led by Arikaswami.

This breakdown of the educational system, such as it was, in rural Bengal, and declassing of a large part of the Bengali intelligentsia, has as its remoter background the ingenious financial arrangements of the 1935 Government of India Act. Thereby the provinces were assigned responsibility for the expensive social-service departments like education, while the principal sources of revenue (Customs and Income Tax) were reserved for the Central Government, which spends most of it on the armed forces. Accordingly, when the Bengalis, starving and demoralised, fall to cutting each other's throats, there are always sufficient troops available to restore order. It is as true today as in the days of Kipling's Mrs. Hauksbee that the government of India is a wonderful system of checks and balances. B. P.

HOW TO GET HOUSES

SIR,—I have spent the last term in a vain search for rooms for my wife and myself, and my immediate comment on Mr. Bevan's appeal to morality is unprintable. Such an appeal will have little effect on the lady (living in Scotland) who demanded 3½ guineas for a squalid "furnished" flat in a Nottingham slum (and no children!).

Had I a little capital—say £2,000—I could choose any of a hundred houses offered for sale. Or rent the flat that has been advertised (at 5½ guineas) in a local paper for the past week. But my gratuity was hardly sufficient.

I suggest that the following steps should be taken immediately.

(1) Cease all decorating and repair work on any other than dwelling houses—six men spent last week repainting the ceiling of a bank here.

(2) Requisition immediately all vacant property, starting with those desirable houses that fill local newspapers—in the "for sale" columns. Allow families to move in immediately—repairs and modifications can be done later.

(3) Eliminate ruthlessly, by very heavy penalties, the rampant black market in materials.

(4) Rule that all the new houses are to be let, not sold.

(5) Don't waste time preaching morality to profiteers, black market boys, and the rest. Put them in jail. W. N. COLEMAN

University College, Nottingham.

HARRAP

Ships and Men

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE and G. HOLLAND

A maritime history which deals with the social and economic evolution of the human sea-farer, and the development of sea-going craft from the coracle to the Queen Elizabeth, in vivid and refreshing detail. With many illustrations in half-tone and line. 15/- *net*

THE DREAM OF DESCARTES
JACQUES MARITAIN
An examination of the (false) basis of Descartes's philosophy. A PL book.
7/6 *net*

TWENTY PROSE POEMS OF BAUDELAIRE
Trans. by MICHAEL HAMBURGER
Showing Baudelaire's reaction to the morality of his time. A PL book.
5/- *net*

SELECTED POEMS
RONALD BOTTRALL
With an introduction by *Miss Edith Sitwell*. A PL book.
4/6 *net*

OBLIGING FELLOW
LEO KAHN
An amusing satirical novel about an opportunist.
6/- *net*

NICHOLSON & WATSON

Gift Suggestions

A Victorian Diarist
Later extracts, 1895 - 1909, from the Journals of Mary, Lady Monkswell. Edited by Hon. Eric Collier. 16s. net.

From My Library Walls
WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT
A pleasant gleaning of memories by the famous American bibliophile. 12s. 6s. net. [*Dec.* 18

The Bear That Wasn't
written and illustrated by FRANK TASHLIN
This spirited and topical satire is an ideal gift book. 6s. net.

The Cornhill Magazine
Edited by PETER QUENNELL
The December issue contains important new JOHN RUSKIN letters. Subscriptions 10s. 8d. for 4 issues, 21s. 4d. for 8 issues. [*Dec.* 17

John Murray

And now the portrait of an English village

BRENSHAM VILLAGE

JOHN MOORE

In *Portrait of Elmbury*, one of the best reviewed books of 1945, John Moore gave us the biography of an English market town. Now, in an even finer book, we have a perfect study of a West Country village combining action and character drawing with fine descriptive writing.

Book Society Choice 12s. 6d.

COLLINS

SPECIAL JURIES

SIR,—It has been widely noted that the recent libel action brought by Professor Laski was tried before a Special Jury and, while one does not in the least question the propriety of the verdict, the occasion does seem an appropriate one to consider whether the composition of Juries should, in a democratic community, be settled wholly on a class basis.

The following are qualified to become Special Jurors :—Persons legally entitled to be called an "esquire" and persons of higher degree; bankers or merchants; occupiers of private dwelling-houses, the net annual value of which is not less than £100 in towns containing, according to the last census, 20,000 inhabitants or upwards, or £50 elsewhere; occupiers of premises other than a farm the net annual value of which is not less than £100; occupiers of farms the net annual value of which is not less than £300.

These qualifications clearly ensure that Special Jurors shall be drawn from one social class and that one constituting a very small proportion of the whole community: and, moreover, it will be very generally considered to be unfortunate that, in cases with a political background in particular, one class, which is universally thought to be predominantly of one political complexion, should provide the jury. The undemocratic qualifications for Jurors and Special Jurors should go, and all citizens whose names appear on the Register of Parliamentary Electors be eligible for service. H. R. THACKER

ADVERTISERS AND THE PRESS

SIR,—Members of the Newspaper Proprietors Association work under an agreement whereby they exclude from their columns any advertisement which constitutes a reflection on or criticism of the products of any other advertiser. Thus it is quite permissible for the brewing trade to advertise that "Beer is Best," but any attempt by Temperance Societies to counter this suggestion, through the advertising columns of the same paper where the original had appeared, would not be published. This is quite definitely a case of stating one side of the question only, and refusing a hearing of the other side.

The United Kingdom Alliance. H. CECIL HEATH General Secretary

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY IN EIRE

Sir,—The lengthy letter of Mr. Acton calls for some comment. He has found it difficult to see the purport of my article, so I will try to make it easier.

I pointed out that there was an attempt, very nearly successful, to squeeze the Irish Women Workers' Union and its members out of the book-binding trade, that this attempt was made behind the "smoke-screen" of whether unions with headquarters in Britain should be allowed to operate here. The attempt was only defeated by a decision of the Supreme Court nullifying that section of the Trade Union Act as violating elementary rights of organisation. These facts cannot be challenged and their purport should be plain to Mr. Acton.

Further, I suggested that, as the Supreme Court safeguarded the rights of the workers to organise freely, legal representation in the Labour Court might help in protecting other rights if similarly threatened. I hope this is plain and not too "captious." It is, of course, quite right that employers are not allowed legal representation either. Neither were they allowed to raise wages during the "Stand-still Order" period. But it was Labour that suffered.

Mr. Acton admits that unions are liable to pay heavy damages—in fines—if they repudiate the Court's decisions. But he pleads that employers are also liable and that resort to the Court is voluntary. I wonder if Mr. Acton understands the purport of the words "economic compulsion." Faced with the condemnation of official strikes, the workers may find themselves tied up officially in agreements which they feel are unfair and yet can be enforced with legal penalties.

While neither organised Labour nor the Government want unnecessary strikes or industrial turbulence, it is necessary to safeguard rights of organisation and action which are the fruits of centuries of struggle. If Mr. Acton were familiar with the literature, thought and history of the industrial Labour movement, he would realise this. R. M. FOX

39 The Rise, Griffith Avenue, Dublin.

ALIENS

SIR,—"Out Aliens!" is the best known battle cry of Fascist rebirth. The other day the editor of a well-known Fleet Street weekly magazine found himself accosted and asked in a very ungentlemanly manner, why he did not return to his own country. As it happens the gentleman concerned is neither a "Jew"—nor an "Alien." He does, however, live in Hampstead.

Yet there are Aliens (amongst them Jews) who wish to return to their respective countries. I shall mention only one particular case. A refugee lawyer from Germany has proved his loyalty to the Allied cause by volunteering for H.M. Forces, by working as a demolition worker and as a munition worker. He is eager to sacrifice his more or less comfortable existence in this country in order to assist in the reconstruction of Germany—and of German law in particular. He is, however, unable to obtain any information from the Control Authorities in Norfolk House when if at all, he will be allowed to return—and under what conditions.

During my service with the Intelligence Corps in the British Zone I have come to the conclusion that the controlling authorities can hardly afford to do without the services of such people. And who is better qualified to assist over there than those who although cured of nationalism, have maintained a love for their country, and have spent a great many years in a democracy. J. E.

LABOUR AND FOREIGN SOCIALISTS

SIR,—"Critic's" statement in "A Paris Diary" on December 7th that "Transport House has 'done the honours' to no other Socialist Party in Europe" (than the German Social Democratic Party) is inaccurate. A delegation of the Belgian Socialist Party visited England at our invitation in September 1945, of the Dutch Labour Party in November 1945, of the Italian Party in January this year, of the Czechoslovak Party in February, of the Hungarian in March and of the Austrian in April. Léon Blum, at the invitation of the Executive Committee, spoke at the Labour Party's Annual Conference as representative of liberated Europe.

In addition, representatives of nearly all European Socialist Parties except the German were invited by the Labour Party to special international conferences in December 1944, March 1945, and in May and November of this year. Moreover the initiative taken by the Labour Party in re-establishing relations with the S.P.D. was warmly praised by many of the Socialist Parties represented at the Bournemouth International Conference in November last.

The visit of these delegations from other countries was announced to the press by the Labour Party.

Perhaps I might add that the National Executive has sent at least eleven delegations abroad since the end of the war, for the purpose of establishing contact with the Socialist Movements. These delegations visited France, Belgium, Hungary, Italy, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Austria, Russia and Holland. MORGAN PHILLIPS *Secretary*

The Labour Party, Transport House, London, S.W.1.

AGAINST THE WIND

SIR,—The *New Yorker* cartoon reproduced by you last week immediately reminded me of Byron's lines:

"Yet Freedom yet, your banner torn but flying,
Streams like a thunderstorm, *against* the wind."

PAUL DURELL

The German Question

WILLIAM RÖPKE

Introduction by F. A. HAYEK

Translated by E. W. DICKES

Professor Röpke was active in Germany in combating Nazism between 1930 and 1933, when he was at Marburg University. His new book has had remarkable success in the Swiss and French editions. It has been sought after among the occupying authorities in the British, French, and American Zones, where many hundreds of copies have circulated. 10*s.* 6*d. net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

Ibsen

BRIAN W. DOWNS

The intellectual and historical background to the plays.

10*s.* 6*d. net*

Full Powers and Ratification

J. MERVYN JONES

The second of the new *Cambridge Studies in Comparative and International Law.*

12*s.* 6*d. net*

The Coastline of England & Wales

J. A. STEERS

A study of the English coast and the processes at work on it. 117 plates and many text-figures.

42*s. net*

*

CAMBRIDGE

Portraits in Prose

A COLLECTION OF CHARACTERS CHOSEN BY HUGH MACDONALD

An unusual anthology comprising 138 "characters" or descriptions of English men and women, written by their contemporaries. The portraits, which are in chronological order, include Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, Cromwell, Charles II, Bunyan, Sir Isaac Newton, "Stella," Wellington, Byron and Peel. 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

ROUTLEDGE

THE EMERGENCE OF THE JEWISH PROBLEM

1878—1939

By

James Parkes

15*s.* net

(*Published under the auspices of Chatham House*)

The Jewish problem was exploited by the Nazis, though it was not their invention. Since the middle of last century it had been smouldering, and bursting into occasional flame, in many parts of Eastern and Central Europe, and an understanding of its nature and significance is essential to an understanding of modern European history. This book, therefore, by an authority who has already written much on the subject, will be widely welcomed and read.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMEN HOUSE LONDON E.C.4

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE word "prose-poem" can be relied on to induce a shudder in any reader, bluff or fastidious. We all loathe that either-neither of fancy, with its ornamental glaze and dragged rhythms; but that is only the poem that is a good deal less than a poem. What of the prose that is a little more than prose? Mr. T. W. Earp and I have amused ourselves by making some translations from the French. Take, for example:

THE SWAN

He glides over the pool like a white sledge, from cloud to cloud. His hunger is only for the fleecy clouds that he sees forming, straying, losing themselves in the water. One of them would suit his fancy! He takes aim with his beak and suddenly plunges a snow-clad neck.

Then, like a woman's arm coming out of a sleeve, it is drawn back.

He has caught nothing.

He looks: the startled clouds have disappeared.

His disillusionment lasts only a moment, since the clouds do not take long to return; and down there, where the swirl of the waters is dying, one of them is taking shape again.

Softly, on his light cushion of plumes, the swan begins rowing and draws near. . . .

He wears himself out, fishing for vain reflections, and perhaps he will die, the victim of an illusion, before getting a single bite of cloud.

But what am I saying?

Every time he dives, he forages the well-stocked mud with his beak and brings back a worm.

He's getting as plump as a goose!

None of the dreaded enamel, or still-life, there. Instead, the little extra of vivacity, of charm, of pattern, that raises a portrait, or "character," in the seventeenth-century meaning, above its prose equivalent. Before revealing the source, let me give one more extract, so brief, so floating, that I ask the reader to read it twice and hold it a moment before going on:

THE GLOW-WORM

I

What can the matter be? Nine o'clock at night, and she still has the light on!

II

A moon-drop on the grass.

What more, what less, could be said? The pieces I have quoted are from Jules Renard's *Histoires Naturelles*. Those who have never come across this delightful minor classic but who enjoy animals, portraiture, wit, imagery and the niceties of prose, should go out of their way to make acquaintance with it. Here is the dainty edge of the Renard spectrum, which at the other end runs into cruel realism. He is a curious writer, sure of himself and his method as only a Frenchman can be, and his particular form of poetic realism takes the form of offering us the most delicate of flowers while shaking the earth off the roots in our face. His novels, *Poil de Carotte* and *L'Ecornifleur*, derive their substance from the author's childhood and adolescence (he never spares either himself or others), and their method from an obsession with imagery that, with a lesser writer, would prove disastrous. This double preoccupation with the harsh fact and the lilting image will be found in every paragraph of Renard's huge *journal*, published posthumously and perhaps the most ingrained of his writings as it is certainly the largest. In stature, though not in popularity, I should say that Renard is the equal of Maupassant, whose contemporary, within a decade or so, he was. (Renard was born in 1864, and died in 1910.) *Histoires Naturelles* shows his genius at its most lyrical and least anti-sentimental. The images, the strokes of poetry and wit, have everywhere a Chinese lightness of touch. The calligraphy, one might say, is faultless; though even here he sometimes rubs one's nose in the dust. Let me go on with my selection from a book that already selects fastidiously from its everyday scene. The mood of these pieces—72 in the original—varies from lyric to anecdote, subtle characterisation to the tweaks of vision and style. However, I leave Renard's qualities for the reader himself to pick out: one further word of advice—in reading, detach lightly each piece from the others, and each sentence from its surrounding sentences.

TURKEYS

I

She struts in the middle of the yard as if she were living in the eighteenth century.

The other poultry do nothing but stuff all day. She is only concerned between her proper meal-times with looking her best. Every feather is in place and her wing-tips score the ground, as though to mark out the path she has followed: that's the way she has gone, and nowhere else.

She carries her head so high that she can never have seen her feet.

She minds nobody, and as soon as I go near she assumes I want to pay my respects.

She is gurgling with pride already.

"Noble turkey," I say to her, "were you a goose, I should write your praise, as did Buffon, with one of your own feathers. But you are merely a turkey."

I must have vexed her, for the blood rises to her head. Angry clusters hang from her beak. She has turned quite scarlet. With a click she shuts up her fan tail and—the old harridan—turns her back on me.

II

Here they come along the road as usual, in school file.

Every day, whatever the weather, they take their walk.

They fear neither the rain (nobody tucks up her skirts better than a turkey), nor the sun (a turkey never goes out without her sunshade).

THE ANTS

Every one of them is like the figure 3.

And there are so many of them. . .

So very many . . .

3333333333333 . . . to infinity.

THE PEACOCK

Surely he must be getting married to-day.

It ought to have been yesterday. He was all dressed up and ready. Only the bride was missing. She never came. She can't, now, keep him waiting.

No Indian prince could be prouder than this peacock as he walks up and down, carrying about him the rich gifts usual to the occasion. Love quickens the sparkle of his colours and his crest quivers like a lyre.

Still the bride does not come.

He mounts to the roof-top and looks out towards the sun. He gives his diabolical cry:

Esau!

It is so he calls to her. But he sees nothing coming, and nobody answers. The poultry, used to these proceedings, do not even raise their heads. They are tired of admiring him. He goes down again into the yard, so convinced of his own beauty that he cannot bear a grudge.

His marriage is put off till to-morrow.

And, not knowing what to do for the rest of the day, he moves towards the stairway. He climbs the steps with an official tread, as if they were temple steps.

He lifts his train, burdened with all the eyes that have centred upon it.

Then he starts the whole ceremony again.

THE PIGEONS

On the house-top starting the rumour of a muffled drum;

Or leaving the shade, pitching themselves out to glisten in the sun, and re-entering shade again;

Or with a flash of the neck that quickens and dies like the opal on one's finger;

Or asleep at evening in the forest, so close together that the oak's topmost bough threatens to break under its load of painted fruit;

Or two by two, exchanging frantic greetings, and suddenly imparting a convulsion one to the other;

Or singly, returning from exile with a letter, and in flight like the thought (ah, a pledge!) of one's absent love;

—All these pigeons, so amusing at first, end by being a bore.

They could never learn to stop in one place, and travel teaches them nothing.

All their lives they remain rather stupid. They will believe that children are got by billing and cooing.

And at last it becomes intolerable, this hereditary mania for always having something in the throat that cannot be swallowed.

The Two Pigeons.—Coo—coo . . . I love you . . . Coo-coo-coo . . . I love you too.

THE WASP

Of course, she'll end by ruining her waist.

THE MOUSE

While, by lamplight, I accomplish my daily page of writing, I hear a faint noise. If I stop, it will leave off. It begins again as soon as I scratch the paper.

It's a mouse getting up.

I guess her movements to and fro at the edge of the dark hole where our maid puts dusters and brushes.

The mouse jumps to the ground and trots over the square tiles in the kitchen. She passes near the fireplace, under the sink, gets lost among the crockery, and by a series of reconnaissances pushed farther and farther, she approaches me.

Each time I lay down my pen the silence worries her. Each time I take it up she thinks perhaps there is another mouse somewhere, and feels at ease.

Now I see her no longer. She is under my table, between my legs. She journeys from one foot of the chair to another. She brushes against my clogs, gnaws at their wood, or even has the nerve to jump on top of them.

And I must not stir my leg, or breathe too hard: she would take flight.

But I have to go on writing; and for fear she should leave me to dull solitude, I make scrawls and ciphers, getting tiny, tinier, minuscular, like her nibbles.

Renard himself?—He'd put back a clothes-moth in order to surprise it gently at work.

G. W. STONIER

TIBET

Portrait of the Dalai Lama. By SIR CHARLES BELL. *Collins.* 21s.

There was once a time when it was my pleasure to wander a great deal in the Himalayas, and during the war, when foreign travel (at least to a country of one's own choice) was no longer possible, I used often to recollect those care-free days on the Tibetan border. Tibet always has seemed eminently desirable; now, after reading this book, its appeal is even stronger since it seems to be one of the very few countries left in which life is still not only worth living, but actually enjoyable.

Tibet is not, of course, everybody's cup of tea. There are, for instance, no railways, no motors (indeed no wheeled vehicles of any kind); newspapers are unknown, and even the Tibetan intelligentsia, like some of those who inhabit the remoter parts of our own country, are as yet unacquainted with the B.B.C.'s Third Programme. Houses are unheated, the windows are covered only with squares of oiled paper, and there is no sanitation. Even in mid-summer the temperature does not rise much above freezing. These apparent disadvantages will doubtless deter many people from immediately retiring to this delectable country. But consider for a moment the gains. There is no income tax, no queueing up for the rations; and as for the servant problem, nobody knows what it means. Indeed, the author in describing a cook, with the charming and apparently appropriate name of "Wisdom," sees nothing unusual in the fact that during more than twenty years of service he never even asked for a day off. There is much to be said in favour of this feudal country, which, despite its huge size (it is fifteen times bigger than England and has a population of three millions) remains practically unknown to the outside world.

The history of modern Tibet is very largely the story of British relations with China and Russia. In the early years of this century the Government of India saw fit to take possession of what are now the Darjeeling and Kalimpong districts of Northern Bengal. Both are adjacent to Tibet, and still inhabited largely by people of Tibetan stock. There were adequate reasons for these annexations, but they were not such as the Tibetan Government at that time was willing to recognise. Meanwhile, the Chinese, who claimed Tibet as their vassal, did all they could to encourage the popular belief that this move was the beginning of a campaign to introduce Christianity into Tibet. The matter was settled only

after a small Tibetan force had been expelled from a mountain-top which it was occupying inside the Sikkim border. In due course Britain and China made a treaty which recognised a British protectorate over Sikkim and the establishment of trade marts a few miles inside the Tibetan frontier. The difficulty was how to arrange them. The Viceroy's letter to the Dalai Lama (the subject of this book) was returned unopened, and the Tibetans, feeling that they had been let down by the Chinese, turned anxious eyes towards Russia. But Russia, despite the fact that it overhangs all Asia from the north, was very far away, and not disposed to help.

In 1904 the Government of India was obsessed with fear of Russia, and so it was that Sir Francis Younghusband's mission, intended originally to discuss only the arrangements for the proposed trade agencies, became turned into a military expedition. The British and Indian troops forced their way to Lhasa without much difficulty, but shortly before they arrived, the Dalai Lama, who was both spiritual and secular ruler of the country, fled northwards to Mongolia. He was then twenty-eight; and although he did not realise it at the time, this was not the last occasion on which he would have to flee his country.

In spite of the ruler's absence from the capital, Younghusband was able to negotiate a treaty which laid the foundations for all our subsequent dealing with Tibet. Its main terms were that the Tibetan Government recognised a British protectorate over Sikkim, agreed to promote trade relations between India and three trade marts in Tibet, and also to prevent other foreign nations from exercising influence in Tibet. In Lhasa, the Chinese reaction was to set up notices in Tibetan deposing the Dalai Lama, but these the people bespattered with excreta.

During his absence from Tibet, the Dalai Lama had been invited to visit Peking. To his surprise, however, the Chinese did not receive him in the manner he had hoped, and it was made quite clear that they regarded him as a mere subordinate of their Emperor; they expected him only to take orders. In December, 1909, he returned to Lhasa after having been away for nearly five years. This period of exile was to change the whole course of future Tibetan history. A few months later the blow fell: two thousand Chinese troops arrived within striking distance of Lhasa itself. The Lama fled again, but this time to British India, where, after a hazardous winter journey over the high passes he eventually reached Darjeeling.

The late Sir Charles Bell, who was then a junior member of the Indian Civil Service, had already learned a little Tibetan and was hastily summoned to look after the party. It was from this time that his friendship with the Dalai Lama began; it continued unbroken until the latter's death in 1933. The relationship between the two was peculiar. In course of time Bell acquired great knowledge of both the Tibetan people and their language; indeed it is probable that no other foreigner has known so much about them as he. Reading between the lines of his book one senses that he became in some ways more Tibetan than the Tibetans themselves. There seems to have been an inner conflict; he could never quite reconcile what he felt were the true interests of Tibet with the instructions given him by the British Government. In the long run it was armaments that won. Bell had often represented the necessity for the Tibetans to be prepared against aggression. The Government of India would not agree but changed its views when it discovered that other countries, including even distant Japan, were only too willing to provide Tibet with rifles. Tibetan foreign policy has since that time been very largely guided by British wishes, although the country remains entirely independent. The Dalai Lama was well disposed towards the Japanese, and if they had been successful in China there is little doubt that their influence in Tibet would have become considerable. That probability need, happily, no longer be considered; but the present activities of the U.S.S.R. in Mongolia, which is still largely inhabited by people who regard the Dalai Lama as their spiritual leader, at least point to the possibility of future trouble.

Sir Charles Bell's book contains much authentic information about the Dalai Lama; and since the latter was a complete dictator, a great deal about modern Tibetan history. His writing is discursive and there is too much repetition; the book exhibits, in fact, all the faults of the amateur writer. It has, however, also the virtues; it is written with great sincerity and informed by a real love of the people it describes. Despite its obvious defects *Portrait of the Dalai Lama* is an important work, and I should be surprised if it is not in due course accepted as the standard account of contemporary Tibet. A special word of praise is due to the publishers, who have produced the book most handsomely. The many illustrations are magnificent.

JOHN MORRIS

PATTERN IN HISTORY

History has Tongues. By WILFRED WOLFENDALE, with a foreword by W. L. CUTTLE. *Gollancz.* 6s.

One feels a natural disinclination to criticize Mr. Wolfendale's book unfavourably, because he and it are full of worthy motives. The book itself has its origin in Oflag VIIB, for its author, who studied the Classics at Cambridge and then became a business man, fought at Dunkirk and turned to the study of history as a prisoner of war. His book, which is the result of those studies, is based upon a theory which has a long and respectable parentage. Like most theories, it was born in the mind of an ingenious Greek between two and three thousand years ago. The incredible ingenuity of the Greek mind is shown by the fact that it invented the theory that history always repeats itself in cycles or circles at the moment when history was being born and when it had no data to go upon. Ever since people have been repeating the obvious generalization that history repeats itself and at intervals some historian, with infinitely more historical data to work upon than any one had in the age of Heracleitus, has made the tag the basis of a learned work upon the history of the human race or of civilization. There has always been some German in the 19th or 20th century who could be trusted to pursue a false theory to its logical absurdity in a million or so words and so to produce a book recognized by his contemporaries as a masterpiece. It was Herr Spengler who stepped into this particular breach and devoted his million words to proving that history repeats itself in cycles or circles and his book, which contains many brilliant comparisons and generalizations, is and will probably remain the supreme masterpiece of quackery and historical pseudoscience in the field chosen by him.

Unlike Spengler, Mr. Wolfendale has written a short book of 150 pages which has neither the brilliance nor the quackery of the German. It is a conspicuously sincere book and every now and then contains some interesting historical speculation. But its theme and thesis are the same as Spengler's. His theory is that the cycle of history has repeated itself with considerable exactitude in ancient Greece and Rome and in Europe from the Renaissance to the present time. He "proves" this by showing that one "period" in Greek or Roman history is followed by another kind of "period" and that the same kind of periods follow one another in the history of modern Europe. Thus he equates the period of the Greek city-states of ancient Greece with the period of the city-states of the Italian Renaissance, the Hellenistic period with the period of the rise of national cultures and states which began in Europe in the 16th century, the period of Sullan Rome with the period of industrialization in early 19th century Europe, and so on.

No one can, of course, deny that in some sense history repeats itself and it is possible to draw interesting and valuable comparisons between one age or period and another. These general similarities are what one would expect *a priori* for presumably similar causes produce similar effects even in human history. But Spengler and Mr. Wolfendale go far beyond this modest programme. They postulate a similar pattern stamped upon the whole of history so that each age or period in modern Europe inevitably repeats an age or period in the pattern of Greece or Rome. In fact there is no such pattern, because although some causes were the same in each of the periods there were many other causes which were different. To make the pattern the same it is therefore necessary either to select only the similar causes and effects and ignore all the others or to make historical interpretation a bed of Procrustes. Mr. Wolfendale is forced to make the most fantastic comparisons and judgments in order to retain his pattern. For instance, his theory compels him to equate the Hellenistic Age in Greece with the Renaissance in Spain, France and England. Actually the artistic and political history of the two periods show the widest possible divergence, and if ever there was a case of history not repeating itself, surely this is one. Mr. Wolfendale is too honest not to admit the differences; his hopelessly honest attempt to force them into his pattern only emphasizes the absurdity of the theory. Unfortunately history again and again refuses to be forced into a Spenglerian pattern and Mr. Wolfendale's book is a long uphill, unsuccessful fight to overcome the stubbornness of facts.

LEONARD WOOLF

WITCHES AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS

Prince of Darkness. Edited by GERALD VERNER. *Westhouse.* 8s. 6d.

The ingredients in Mr. Verner's cauldron seem carelessly chosen, as if he suffered from too rich a choice of poison'd entrails. Gall of goat, yes, and howlet's wing—they are here, but how little the space and how much the unused material. This is not surprising, for European history and legend are black with witchcraft. Since the bull of Innocent VIII in 1484, the *Summis Desiderantes*, it has been calculated that as many as nine million persons have been put to death for practising magic. Some of the English laws against witchcraft are still, in a milder form, operating. The celebration of the Black Mass is a perversion performed at this day in England and on the Continent. Mr. Verner, faced with five centuries of heresy-hunting, boldly divides his book into four sections: Witchcult, Satanism, Sorcery and Lycanthropy; each contains a short exposition which is followed by a story or two. There are also several reports of witch-trials, which, to the twentieth century mind, make curious reading. What chance of escape had any wretched man or woman accused of sorcery in seventeenth century New England, one wonders, after studying Cotton Mather's tight-lipped, complacent accounts of the Salem trials?

> *Faltering, faulty, unconstant, and Contrary Answers upon judicial and deliberate Examinations,* are counted some unlucky symptoms of Guilt, in all crimes, especially in Witchcrafts.

he observes. And in that loveless, hysterical atmosphere, judge and jury, churchmen and laymen, were prepared to believe anything.

> When the Court asked G.B. (the prisoner) *What the Man's Name was?* his Countenance was much altered; nor could he say, who 'twas. But the Court began to think that he then step'd aside, only that by the assistance of the *Black Man*, he might put on his *Invisibility*, and in that *Fascinating Mist*, gratifie his own Jealous Humour, to hear what they said of him.

The account briefly given here of the great fifteenth century scandal, the trial of Gilles de Rais, is interesting for other reasons. In the description of the list of frightful crimes, the prisoner's arrogance, and his eventual grovelling collapse, there is a strange foreshadowing of present-day Nuremberg. Gilles de Rais, a semi-legendary figure, and one of the wealthiest aristocrats of his time, was reputed to have decoyed and murdered vast numbers of young children, after making use

f them for his sacrilegious orgies. The heresy, he notes, seems to have been a heavier charge han the murder and violation.

The best of the documentary passages are ontributed by that omniscient witch-fancier r. Montague Summers, whose style can be as scinating as his knowledge.

Hateful to God and loathed by man, what other reward could he look for than the stake, where they burned him quick, and scattered his ashes to the wind, to be swept away to nothingness and oblivion on the keen wings of the tramontane and the nightly storm.

his Ossianic fragment comes from his admirable ssay on the Werewolf, which has an interest that he stories find harder to capture. Plots which epend on the supernatural need something ore than magic to compensate for their unfair dvantage. Mr. Algernon Blackwood's *Ancient Sorceries* is an example of the over-fantastic; trails untidily and wastefully along until it rosses the edge of boredom. The balance etween the ordinary and the strange should be ore nice. Why should the town be a cat-own? It does not really affect the plot. I uspect that Mr. Blackwood, like Nathaniel awthorne, writes the kind of book that he would ot choose to read. In contrast, Saki's *Peace of Mowsle Barton* is told with brilliant economy, as ell as an edge of humour. The matter-of-fact just sufficiently stirred by the uneasy. Mr. ohn Buchan, in the *Witch Wood*, achieves his ffect by plunging us into a wild and sin-laden tmosphere and in never letting his tale lag for moment. An ably-written story, which moves owards its sombre climax against a background f rainy country churchyards and ancient tombs, Margaret Irwin's *Earlier Service*, which tells of young girl's vision of the Black Mass in her ather's church. But the inclusion of a competent nd shallow story by Miss Dorothy Sayers, the econd on a cat theme, is an example of Mr. erner's haphazard editing.

One disturbing thing about this anthology is he negative attitude of the editor. He is all oo detached; evidently he prefers not to dis-elieve—or not to express disbelief in the dark owers. And so his book is lacking in the itch's point of view. There is nothing there f the temper of Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, a rational study of popular super-itions published in 1584, or of Mrs. Gaskell's *Lois he Witch*, which should certainly be read after the otton Mather trials. Or, if you must have our warlocks, the *Witch of Edmonton* at least shows how misery and despair could drive a persecuted old woman to make a pact with the Devil. Sister Helen, too, of the ballad: ("Why did you melt your waxen man?") had a motive for her vengeance. None of Mr. Verner's stories, incidentally, is on this wax or clay mommet theme. For sheer amoral witchery he might well have included William Bell Scott's *Witch's Ballad*—the only memorable thing that pre-Raphaelite ever wrote or painted. Nor is there anything in the book on the witch's familiar, generally a black dog or cat, tyrant as well as servitor even to Hecate herself:

> Hark, I am called! My little spirit, see,
> Sits in a foggy cloud and waits for me.

This sinister *aide* is best known to us now as Greymalkin of fairy lore, who accompanies the crone on her broomstick. I should not expect to find, but should like to note here my favourite witch Baba Yaga, whose hut is mounted on the claws of hens, and who rides the steppes in her pestle and mortar. But after this personal list of omissions, and after making a strong complaint against the affectation of not giving the page numbers of the Contents, I must mention one item in Mr. Verner's brew which goes far to make the gruel thick and slab. The contributor, Jacques Callot of Nancy, died in 1639. His engravings here reproduced, of devils, gargoyles and nameless obscene creatures, tell more than any of the stories of the odd horrors with which a Gothic fancy can people Beelzebub's kingdom.

NAOMI LEWIS

A SAGA OF SABOTAGE

We Fell Among Greeks. DENYS HAMSON. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Warned perhaps by the fate of Compton Mackenzie, the British actors in the drama of Greek resistance have hitherto kept silent. This book deals with a limited and little-known period—September 1942 to August 1943, which includes the Gorgopotamos operation (the blow at Rommel's supply line) and the early days of the guerilla movement. The author's treatment is strictly personal and limited in scope; he describes only the events and his own feelings and refrains from discussion of general issues.

The early chapters which recount the hurried and scanty preparations for the mission make almost incredible reading. Other spectacular successes in Greece—the Tempe Valley derailment or the capture of General Kreipe—followed months of spade work and careful co-ordination. However, in urgency as in strategic importance, these were insignificant compared to the Gorgopotamos demolition, which must surely rank as one of the key sabotage operations of the war. If ever Fortune favoured the brave, she did so on this occasion.

The party is equipped somehow or other (with unfortunate results) and briefed within 48 hours, and given eight weeks for the operation. The guerrilla rendezvous is received in corrupt cipher, and some of the twelve in consequence are dropped blind among ten-thousand-foot peaks. Miraculously they escape injury and meet one another. Their wireless is damaged and does not contact GHQ till three weeks before their D-Day. The others drop on an Italian garrison and lose the plans and photographs of the bridge; they join the main body ten days before D-Day. Meanwhile, by a further series of extraordinary coincidences, the bands of Zervas and Ares, each a mere seventy strong, but the only Greek forces available, achieve the rendezvous in time, and the operation is a triumphant success. The author and most of the rest had expected to be evacuated soon after, but following a terrible march to the Adriatic they discover that no submarine is coming for them. They agree under protest to stay and expand the guerrilla movement, and the story ends with another remarkable achievement, the construction by the author of the first air-strip in Greece, from which he is evacuated.

The author's limitations become more obvious in the disillusioned tone of the later chapters. He was not a senior member of the party, although very independently minded concerning its leadership. His feelings about GHQ may have been shared by many who worked "in the field" in similar circumstances; but he makes few allowances for factors outside his comprehension. His intolerance of various Greek shortcomings ignores the terrible effect on the national character of the sheer struggle for existence, which never relaxed throughout the Occupation. Whether a man joined the Andartes, became a black marketeer, escaped overseas or succumbed, this pressure was never absent. Mr. Hamson's judgments escape political bias, however, since they are always made at the human level, and he is more than fair to Ares, the ELAS leader. He is charmed by Zervas, like all who met the General in the mountains, not only by his human touch and his

UNDER THE CARPATHIANS

Home of a Forgotten People

by J. B. Heisler and J. E. Mellon

This book about a little-known and fascinating country is illustrated with 79 beautiful photographs of the primitive culture and handicrafts.

12/6

LINDSAY DRUMMOND

POINTS OF CONTACT

the third volume in the international series of Contact books. Profusely illustrated in colour and original drawings.

Contributors include

Nigel Balchin
Elizabeth Bowen
Ivor Brown
John Mason Brown
Arthur Calder-Marshall
Tom Harrisson
Frederick Laws
Kingsley Martin
Pastor Martin Niemoller
Kate O'Brien
Stephen Spender
Philip Toynbee

Five shillings—just out

The first two volumes, **First Spring of Peace** and **Britain Between West and East**, were published earlier this year.

Contact Publications
26 Manchester Sq London W1

Have you seen

Current Affairs

A discussion pamphlet
Subscription rate: 8/6 a year

★

Back numbers can be obtained on application, price 7d. per copy, post free

Among recent titles are:—

"Facts about Films"
Donald Alexander

"Germany in Eclipse"
Lindley Fraser

"Family Relationships"
Frank Beaumont

"New Towns"
Sir Henry Bunbury

Published fortnightly by:—
THE BUREAU OF CURRENT AFFAIRS
117, *Piccadilly, London, W.1*

FISHERMAN'S PROGRESS

Sir Henry Bashford's record of fishing holidays constitutes the least didactic book about fishing which it is possible to imagine. Sir Henry has his favourite bits of water and his favourite bits of country, and the narrative covers holidays in Norway, North-West Scotland and the Lowlands, Wales, Yorkshire, Westmorland, Worcestershire, and on the most famous chalk stream of them all—the Hampshire Test.

by Sir Henry **BASHFORD**

9 photographs 8s. 6d. *net*

Constable

fundamental kindness and loyalty, but also because the mission literally owed its life on occasions to Zervas's help. Just why Zervas extended the mission such co-operation is another question not handled here.

Mr. Hamson indicates how much both ELAS and EDES owed in the early stages to British training and supplies. Throughout the Occupation, even when Anglo-ELAS relations were badly strained, the most effective and least costly operations were generally performed by small units on good terms with the local British officer, working independently of their HQ. This contrasts strongly with the practice in Tito's territory where British officers were seldom allowed operational initiative, and were apt to be converted into observers or quartermasters. He also makes it clear that his party did not, with one or two exceptions, regard themselves as Philhellenes fighting a second Greek War of Independence, however much the villagers might expect them to behave like the descendants of Lord Byron. The Philhellene officers were to appear later. The author stayed because there was no means of evacuation, and felt strongly that his services had been exploited. The not very happily chosen title bears out this attitude. Yet it is surely taking a lot for granted to assume that one can enter a country as a foreigner, and run its resistance on one's own terms. This may be feasible in Burma or Abyssinia, but seldom in a European country of strong traditions and national pride. T. E. Lawrence summed up this difficulty as what he termed the "Yahoo life" of a liaison officer :—

> A man may stand against them (guerrillas) and batter . . . them into something they would not otherwise have been. Then he is exploiting his old environment to press them out of theirs. Or he may, after my model, imitate them so well that they spuriously imitate him back again. Then he is giving away his own environment . . .

History still waits for a comprehensive account of the Greek resistance movement, and Mr. Hamson certainly does not aim so high. He has simply delivered a round unvarnished tale of one of the most remarkable operations of the war. But he writes with a grasp of essentials and absence of sentimentality or inflation that keep the story intensely alive at every stage. He realises the value of the hard facts of an eye-witness, which in this case are worth volumes of the propaganda and generalisations so far published.

I. S. SCOTT-KILVERT

WHERE MAN BELONGS

Where Man Belongs. By H. J. MASSINGHAM. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Countryman's Creed. By SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Country Diary of a Cheshire Man. By A. W. BOYD. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Here are two books by two eminent interpreters of our countryside, and one by a less eminent but none the less engaging diarist, little known save to careful readers of the *Manchester Guardian*. The more renowned authors, Mr. Massingham and Sir William Beach Thomas, have much in common; [illegible] the two, Mr. Massingham thrusts the sha[illegible]pen; Sir William seems here a trifle soft in comparison. Mr. Massingham, indeed, can sting, for he keeps a whole swarm of bees in his bonnet, but they are such nice, right-minded bees that nobody could possibly take exception to them. Less of a naturalist than Sir William, and more interested in stone-masons than in humming-bird hawk-moths, he may be regarded as the last bulwark of our crumbling rural defences. If ever there was a born Tory by temperament, then Mr. Massingham may stand as his symbol; a proud position; a vehement espouser of lost causes. The dignity and individualism of rural life is what he understands and profoundly appreciates; alas that Mr. Massingham, like others of his temper, should be a King Canute seated on a throne whose legs are sinking so rapidly into the sand as the tide comes in.

He has now taken as his theme "Where Man Belongs." Shakespeare belonged to Warwickshire and never forgot it; no one will be at variance with Mr. Massingham over that; though, while not denigrating the part that Warwickshire played in the formation of Shakespeare's mind (perhaps most noticeably in *Venus and Adonis*), I still wonder whether he has not exaggerated its preponderance. In that rich mind, no part should be disproportionately allotted. Jane Austen of Hampshire follows Shakespeare in Mr. Massingham's pages, but then he has done with literature and returns to his more familiar ground: Ireson the master-builder, Goodchild the chair-maker, the Perkins Brothers of Chilton, wheelwrights, Rogers the master-miller, John Birch the besom-maker. These are Mr. Massingham's Happy Families, and he seems more at his ease amongst them perhaps than in the world of letters. They are fortunate in their chronicler, one might say their impresario, for they are a dying race, and no one blows their embers alive more tenderly than Mr. Massingham.

Sir William Beach Thomas, likewise, pleases me better as a naturalist than as the mild philosopher of this present volume. He is so irreproachably *bien-pensant*, and his taste in poetry so persistently safe, that it all leaves one very much where one was. "I've been there before." Many admirers of B. T., as he is affectionately known, will joyfully unpack the library parcel containing the nice, the very nice, book they have asked for, and will settle happily down by the after-tea fireside with B. T.'s views on the Spirit of the Fells, Youth and Age, Bumpkin Prejudice (which really does include the phrase "the sweet o' the year"), Dog, Bird, and Man, and even This England; and may feel sure of finding much that is pleasant, nothing that is unsettling, and little that is controversial.

Sir William is lavish with his quotations from the poets, but sometimes fails to favour them with that accuracy he would certainly accord to the meanest of the Lepidoptera. Even Shakespeare slips up on p. 91; and as for the anonymous poet on p. 44, there is a whole line missing, besides two misquotations in the remaining eight lines.

If you want to go right away from everything connected with wars, politics and the rest, I recommend Mr. A. W. Boyd's *Country Diary of a Cheshire Man*. Mr. Boyd achieves an almost Jane Austen-like detachment from public events. I say almost, because whereas Jane never referred to Napoleon at all, Mr. Boyd does once refer to Hitler. "I cannot help thinking," he writes on September 8, 1939, "that if only Hitler had been an ornithologist he would have put off the war until the autumn bird migration was over." How charming an attitude. Of course, one doesn't know what Mr. Boyd has left out of his diary, but the residue makes a very quiet and well-informed piece of reading. It is not a book to read through at a sitting, but to pick up in an odd moment at the appropriate date in the year, when it can be guaranteed to open your eyes to some bird, butterfly or flower, which otherwise might go unperceived.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

THE YOUNG LIMBS

The Juvenile Courts: THEIR WORK AND PROBLEMS. By F. T. GILES. *Allen and Unwin.* 6*s.*

If only all the people who write and lecture with such light-hearted dogmatism on "Juvenile Delinquency" would read and consider Mr.

THE SUN'S BRIGHT CHILD
The Imaginary Memoirs of
EDMUND KEAN
by JULIUS BERSTL
"The book is so vividly written and illustrated that any sense of unreality soon evaporates."
—*The Fortnightly Review.*
Illustrated. 15/- net
Book Society Recommendation

A Texan in England
by J. FRANK DOBIE
"It is a wise, good humoured book. He writes with real feeling about the English countryside."
—*B.B.C. Book Talk*
Illustrated. 10/6 net.

HAMMOND HAMMOND & CO. LTD.
67 GOWER STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

POEMS FROM NEW WRITING
1936—46
An "excellent anthology" according to *The Times Literary Supplement*, which said "*Poems from New Writing* is evidence of Mr. Lehmann's flair for getting a wide range of good verse into a single periodical." 8*s.* 6*d.*

DANGLING MAN
A novel by
SAUL BELLOW
A remarkable first novel by a young American author who has already made his mark in the U.S.A. *The Saturday Review of Literature* wrote, "This is a successful piece of work everywhere you examine it." 8*s.* 6*d.*

JOHN LEHMANN

The Gertrude Stein First Reader
and Three Plays
WITH 28 FINE DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS ROSE
The Ideal Gift Book
NOW READY 7/6 NET
★
TWO NEW TITLES IN THE
Hour-Glass Library
No. 7 SELECTED STORIES: FRANK O'CONNOR
No. 8 SELECTED STORIES: MALACHI WHITAKER
2/6 net each volume
★
MAURICE FRIDBERG
DUBLIN LONDON

cowie
COLLECTED POETICAL WORKS
The first vol. of this fine standard work is now issued (both the general ed., 256 pp., at 10s. 6d., & the signed, limited ed. of 100 copies at one guinea). The general ed. is reprinting, but those who wish to possess such an important work, establishing Donald Cowie overnight as the genius of our time, should order without delay. Also reprints of the New Zealand books, THE PIONEERS, by Mountain (9s.), CHASE ME A KIWI, by Abberley (10s. 6d.) & A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK (9s. 6d.), from
THE TANTIVY PRESS, MALVERN

JOIN THE FUR CRUSADE

"How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?" These were Grey Owl's words to me.
Write for leaflet of Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign which names Furs you need not be ashamed to wear. A'so tells you how to kill domestic animals and poultry humanely. Funds needed for more Adverts.
MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL
49, Tregunter Rd., South Kensington, S.W.10

Giles's book, much paper and breath would be saved. He has given us the book we needed, a quick one, vigorous and pungent, but careful, understanding and close to the facts. The facts are partly statistical: he reminds us that the number of children from 8 to 17 who committed theft or some more serious crime and were caught was 6 per 1,000 of that age group in 1938. Liberally estimating the young malefactors who were not caught at four times this number, he thinks that perhaps the real figure should be 30 per 1,000. The other facts in the book are human ones—the boys and girls, the parents, probation officers and magistrates whom the author from his key position as Chief Clerk of the London Juvenile Courts has watched with a keen eye for a number of years.

The result of his observation and thought is a rousing defence of the youth of to-day, beset by more temptation to stealing in half an hour in a big shop than its fathers were in their whole childhood. We might, thinks Mr. Giles, turn more often from the contemplation of delinquency to "this equally baffling and incidentally far more encouraging problem of juvenile rectitude" (p. 11), and after a flashback to the criminal records of youth in 1765, 1800 and 1837 he concludes, "Every generation wastes a deal of good worry on its successor, but never was there less excuse for it than now. Only one generation of children is likely to be finer than the present—that is the generation which will succeed it." (p. 130.)

Do not think from this that Mr. Giles is just a propagandist or a sentimentalist. He has seen the children steadily and seen them whole. He has an unrivalled knowledge of the Juvenile Courts as they function in London. He expounds and informs, he examines fairly and squarely the various current criticisms of the Courts and their methods. His chapter on the psychologist's contribution to the team-work of the Court is admirable.

There is not a trace in the whole book of sadistic interest in children's wrong-doing, and what a testimonial that is.

CICELY M. CRAVEN.

SOVIET DIARY

42 Days in the Soviet Union. By John Parker. *Wells Gardner Darton.* 5s.

It was a good idea to publish in book form Mr. John Parker's Diary of the Parliamentary Delegation's visit to the Soviet Union in Jan.-Feb. 1945. The tour took the party to many interesting places and they often stayed long enough to gain some insight into local Government and its personalities. The delegates were taken wherever they asked, talked formally and informally to whoever they wanted and met many of the leading statesmen of the Soviet Union and of Soviet Turkestan. The present reviewer accompanied the party and wrote much of the delegation's official diary, which is, it must be admitted, far less readable than Mr. Parker's personal account.

The delegation saw at least as much of what is usually hidden as Mr. W. A. White, whose much boosted tour made such a sensation last year. With greater modesty Mr. Parker refrains from laying down the law about every aspect of life in the Soviet Union but he does give a vivid description of such things as a man can see and hear for himself on such a journey. No one will regret buying this book but many may wish it longer. I do not always agree with Mr. Parker's deductions from the observed facts but the reader is treated honestly. Fact and inference are not confused.

The assertion that 200,000 people died from hunger and starvation in the siege of Leningrad is almost certainly an understatement. But the suggestion that London and Leningrad might well establish special friendly relations based on the ordeals of war is worth further consideration; the fact that Anglo-Soviet relations are now strained strengthens the argument.

The transliteration of foreign words and names is picturesque rather than scholarly. "Tippy-Tiaca" is obviously the right Elizabethan equivalent for a Tartar skull cap or "tyubeteke" but on no showing is "solkhoz" the right word for a State farm.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

to any address in the world

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d.

By Air to any country in Europe, £2 7s. 6d. yearly; to Canada and U.S.A.: Yearly, £3 15s. ($15); Six months, £2 ($8).

Residents in North America may remit to British Publications Inc., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.

To other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

Economic Stagnation or Progress. By ERNST W. SWANSON AND ERICSON P. SCHMITT. *McGraw Hill.* 15s.

In this book two American scientists set out to combat the entire approach to economic problems that is associated with the name of Keynes and, in the United States, with that of Professor Hansen. They attempt this chiefly by means of a long string of quotations from contemporary American economists of the so-called "liberal" school, glued together with comments of their own. The blame for the great American depression, or at least for the failure of the American economy to make a quick recovery, is put on the New Deal; and the theory that capitalism has ceased to be an expansive system is angrily denied. The twin devils preventing expansion, it is made to appear, are monopolistic control of prices and output on the one hand and the pressure of the Trade Unions for higher wages on the other; and in the summing-up the stress is put on the second of these factors, and price-maintenance is represented as largely a consequence of the pressure for higher wages. Full employment, as a policy objective, is evidently disliked, though the attack on it is mainly indirect; and there is throughout a tacit assumption that capitalist control of enterprise and democratic freedom are one and the same thing. Those who wish to see the line of anti-New Deal capitalist economics in the United States will find this book quite a convenient summary. Nobody else need bother with it.

Politics and Morals. By BENEDETTO CROCE. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

These essays by the eminent Italian philosopher are well known to students of politics. They were first published more than twenty years ago in *Critica*, some of them a few years later somewhere else. Twenty years ago these pages testified to the strength and weakness of a European Liberal political philosophy. Much has happened since then. As an historic document this small book is as brilliant as important, particularly the illuminating commentary on Machiavelli and Vico. Sentences like these may illustrate Croce's power of condensation: "Brutality and treachery, unavoidable in politics and recognised and recommended by Machiavelli, even though he felt a moral disgust for them, are explained by Vico as a part of the drama of humanity, which is in a perpetual state of creation and recreation. They are viewed in their double aspect of real good and apparent evil, that is, good that takes on the appearance of evil for the sake of the higher good, which indeed

pp

ARAGON

POET OF RESURGENT FRANCE

★

Edited by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley

★

A selection from Aragon's wartime poetry, translated by Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender, and others, together with fascinating records and documents of his activities in the resistance movement.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net*

PILOT PRESS LTD

Ready Dec. 16th

LADY GREGORY'S JOURNALS 1916-30

Edited by Lennox Robinson
(*Book Society Recommendation*)

18s. net

This book, intended for publication after Lady Gregory's death, covers the most important years of the Irish literary and political movements, and presents her intimate views on the events and people of this great period.

THE SIXTH HEAVEN

By L. P. Hartley
(*Author of "The Shrimp and the Anemone"*)

8s. 6d. net

The Shrimp and the Anemone left Eustace Cherrington as a small boy in the sudden and bewildered possession of a small fortune. "The Sixth Heaven," the sequel and a complete novel in itself, resumes his story when he is up at Oxford approaching maturity.

PUTNAM • LONDON

HERBERT JENKINS

Just Published

Alexander Wanless'

LIGHT-LINE FLY FISHING FOR SALMON

The method described here by one of the best known of modern anglers, is the first fundamental change in fly fishing since it evolved many centuries ago.

Illustrated, 6s. *net*

Sonia E. Howe's

IN QUEST OF SPICES

A study of the romantic quest for spices and its influence upon history and navigation.

Profusely Illustrated, 15s. *net*

HERBERT JENKINS LTD.